

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

So it has been done at last! Throughout all broad England, this has been the saying of the week. In castles and cottages, in cities and villages,—among the purple Highland hills, and down by the little white towns of the sea-coast,—one saying—one topic. Again we have felt the thrill with which a great nation receives as one man a great victory:—

"One crowded hour of glorious life,
Is worth an age without a name."

So sang Sir Walter Scott. The sensation is of a class almost gone by now,—though our ancestors knew it well. Living within the hearing of the whirr of machinery, and the chariot-wheels of the millionaire—all manly feelings and emotions dying out—poetry itself becomes a melancholy wail, and the beautiful living world a dead, glittering machine to most of us. Who felt, but a year or two since, such high emotion as news like this brings with it? The heart of England has awakened. The feelings of this week, we say, have been great and moral; full of honour for the brave and true—sympathy with the sufferer—tenderness for the lost. It is good for a nation to feel so; good for man to remember that he is a being with a "piece of divinity" in him, as Sir Thomas Brown says—full of infinite feelings—not to be plumbed by the yard-wand at all! Fits of such enthusiasm disclose to men that deeper part of

their nature which it is essentially the character of our modern life to remain ignorant of. But it is not a question of enthusiasm only. We will maintain the rationality of our exultation against all the sordid and obtuse calculators of the world. It is right and moral that we should shower unspeakable honour on those of our brethren who have displayed the great qualities of courage, zeal, contempt of pain and death, fidelity to duty,—all qualities, the possession of which by our ancestors laid the foundations of our modern life, and the basis of our national position. So far from checking the public in its eagerness to welcome this news, it is the business of a journalist to stimulate it. We have a right to be a little proud, even,—for that is human and natural. We have a right to have flags, bell-rings, and bon-fires. It is something that the age of heroes is not extinct,—and that old Simpson has out-shone Hudson. It is something that we shall have a batch of poor men home—yes, poor men,—who will, to a man, be made more of than Goldner,—and will help us to forget Paul and Bates.—All this is grand, and natural, and human;—and though, here and there, a stray English soul is sorry for English success,—that English soul will in sheer terror remain in its hole and grieve secretly, on this occasion. For those who have lost true men of their kith and kin,—who are doomed to be long haunted by the thought of one pale face among ruined ramparts all unconscious of the stars,—those (and many they

are) a great nation pursues with its gratitude and its sympathies, and leaves to Time the healer,—who will one day whisper to them, that

"The glory dies not, and the grief is past."

The capture of Sebastopol is one of those events which ranks among the great achievements of war, and is itself a triumph making this a successful one. And the truth is, that it has come now, rather unexpectedly. The scientific men say that it was a mistake to attack Sebastopol on the "wrong side." Well, we have taken the wrong side—and must do the right one next time. The worse the job can be made out to be, why, the more creditable to the army to have done it. We never "invested" it. It always had abundance of supplies. It was defended by armies. We have repulsed the armies. Step by step, the fatal "sap" has been progressing, and under a vigorous, determined fire the fatal trenches have raised themselves. At last, the whole warlike life of our armies condensed itself, as it were, into one fiery afternoon. On hurried the squadrons—and dashed against the towers like a breaking sea;—a death crisis, which the imagination cannot adequately grasp, occurred:—and then the town was doomed,—amidst bursting magazines and streaming fire our conquest was achieved,—and the night which followed gave to the lurid waters ship after ship of the stately fleet, the growth of many and many an ambitious year. Truly, it was a great event—the event of 8th Sep



THE ARMISTICE AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE TCHERNAYA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN PORTER.)

tember, and the night which followed;—and will live long in the memory of men.

The decisive attack appears to have commenced at mid-day on the Saturday, after a couple of days of bombardment had rained fire on the doomed town. The English attacked the Redan: the French the Central Bastion, the Little Redan, or Redan of Careening Bay, and the Malakhoff tower.

It is necessary to observe, that these fortifications were protected, besides their own tiers of cannon, by earthworks armed for their protection behind them. These earthworks commanded all but the Malakhoff, an exception, (due to the "Morning Post") of a circumstance to be presently noticed. Well, on came the squadrons to storm. The right of the French attack fell upon the Little Redan—which was carried, and lost again. The English fell upon the Redan;—carried it,—but were massacred with grape-shot from the earth-works in a shower, in which nothing could live. It was yielded, costing, they say, two thousand lives alone! The French, meanwhile, had carried the Malakhoff tower—the key of the position, and the seal of the day. This is the highest point of the fortifications; but if the fact mentioned above be correct, its assailants enjoyed at least one advantage, being free from the fire of the earth-works. The Malakhoff, we learn, was built with three tiers of guns, and when the French swarmed on the first tier, the second protected them from the fire in question; when they swarmed on the second, the third did likewise in its turn. Be that as it may (and days will pass before we know these matters in detail,) the possession of the Malakhoff tower settled the question. It was now drawing towards evening, and the Russian retreat,—more terrible always than a Russian attack, was in progress.

For, now, the Russian garrison evacuated the Karabelnaia suburb, and southern portion of the fortress,—and fire and smoke rose from every part of the conquered town. Through the long night burned far and wide the funeral pyre of the town, and the blaze of the perishing ships lighted up the harbour. The garrison retreated to the North; the bridge was broken; and an armistice was begged by Prince Gortschakoff for the removal of the wounded and the burial of the dead.

We shall not now speculate on the probable next proceedings of the army. Apart from any question of the North fortress, the armies to be met, or the future prospects of the Crimea, this is of itself, and by itself, a great victory. After successes like this, a country like England can express her readiness to hear reasonable proposals from the Russ or his German friends (who will perhaps pluck up heart a little as the war progresses), without the risk of such humiliations as attended our last diplomacy.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

On the evening of Saturday last, an attempt was made, by a man named Bellemare, to assassinate the Emperor of the French, at the door of the Italian Opera. His imperial Majesty providentially escaped, but the affair created a profound sensation. Full particulars of the occurrence will be found in another column.

The effect produced by the news of Sebastopol being at length in possession of the Allies, has been prodigious, and Paris was in consequence illuminated all Monday night.

SPAIN.

By the latest accounts, the Captain-General of Catalonia had reported that two Carlist bands, under chiefs named Guibert and Huignot, had been routed at Osort and Adra.

An official return represents that the number of persons attacked by cholera at Madrid from the commencement of May to the end of August was 2,958, and that 1,783 of them died. The cholera has broken out with extreme violence at Pampeluna; on the 24th ult., not fewer than 40 persons died of it.

The Queen continued to be in perfect accord with her Ministers, and Espartero, who had been slightly indisposed, had recovered.

DENMARK.

AUSTRIA is said to have offered her mediation to Denmark, in her difference with the United States. Doubts are entertained as to whether the United States will consent to the compromise which Denmark intends proposing, of lowering the Sound duties generally, but it is said Prussia would be quite disposed to accept it.

PRUSSIA.

INTELLIGENCE from Berlin corroborates what has been already said of the King of Prussia's health. It is considered as an alarming symptom that his breathing has become more difficult, and, indeed, his condition generally inspires considerable uneasiness. The Russian party of the Court are in dismay, as the death of the King would be fatal to their influence.

Prince Frederick William, son of the Prince of Prussia, left for Ostend on the 4th; he will stay until all his family return to Berlin, for the marriage of the Princess Louisa with the Prince Regent of Baden.

RUSSIA.

At St. Petersburg bankruptcies are so numerous, that the Tribunal declared 20 on the 30th ult.

The Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaiewitch is at present building a splendid palace. Marbles of Finland and Siberia have been ordered for this new ornament of the Russian capital. It is said that the Prince will shortly be married, but the report which was current recently, that he was about to espouse the daughter of the Grand Duke Peter of Oldenburg, appears premature.

AUSTRIA.

It is stated that the policy of the Austrian court has undergone a change, and that she is about to realise the promises made to the Western Powers.

On Sunday morning, the 3rd inst., the Emperor left Nemia for Styria, where he will pay a visit to his great-uncle the Archduke John, who in the year 1848 was nominated *Reichs-Verweser*, or Administrator of the German Empire. The venerable Prince, who is nearly 74 years of age, and still a great sportsman, has probably promised the Emperor some chamois-shooting in the Styrian mountains. The Emperor, according to report, will then proceed to Ischl, while her Majesty the Empress, with the little Princess Sophia, left Vienna on the 6th, to proceed thither. The ministers and many of the high dignitaries went to Laxenburg to pay their respects to their Majesties before their departure.

It is positively asserted that Lord Westmoreland will not again return to Vienna as Ambassador.

GERMANY.

THE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG is reported to have communicated to the other German Courts the reservations he has made against the intervention of the Diet in the settlement of constitutional questions relating to his States, and that he has also invoked the mediation of the two great German powers. The Prussian Government has refused to interfere in the matter, and refers the solution to the Diet itself, which is the supreme central authority in Germany.

ITALY.

A GREAT number of arrests are said to have been effected in Lombardy. Most of the prisoners arrested are accused of having taken part in the Mazzinian conspiracies, and some of having attempted to seduce soldiers from their duty. It is remarkable that the Papal See has no nuncios at present in Spain, Sardinia, Switzerland, Brazil, and New Grenada.

SICILY.

THE accounts from Naples contain the usual amount of notices of persecutions on frivolous pretences. It is said that the Austrian Government

had remonstrated against the headstrong wickedness of the Government, and that the French and English Ministers had demanded the dismissal of the Minister of Police.

The following manifesto, in the shape of a letter to the Count Pepoli of Bologna, has been issued by Prince Lucien Murat:—

"My dear Nephew,—Since it appears to you (as to me) that I am the only possible solution, I am forbidden all initiative. He must be a fool who argues from the fact of his being born on the steps of the throne that the crown belongs to him, or who considers an entire people as his heritage—as his property, just as a private individual would a flock of sheep. Let Italy call upon me, and I shall be proud to serve her. I will add, that she will never find others who will serve her better than myself. Her enemies are mine, and there is a terrible account to settle between us. But, if Italy makes another choice, I shall not the less pray for her happiness; and I shall be ready to give the last drop of my blood to contribute to her success. Happy is he who shall be the elect of Italy; his mission is easy. Be prudent, and remember this maxim, which is not the less true because it is old—'Noblesse oblige.'"

TURKEY.

ACHMET PACHA, Commander-in-Chief of the Roumelian army, has left for the Crimea, to succeed Omar Pacha.

Omar Pacha left Constantinople on the 1st for Varna, where transports are waiting for him.

The Turks have 45,000 men at Bitoum. General Vivian's division amounts to 20,000 men, including 2,500 Tunisian cavalry. The embarkation of this contingent has taken place.

The 92nd Highlanders have arrived at Constantinople.

The War.

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

SEBASTOPOL HAS FALLEN.

All the bastions, earthworks, and granite forts, south of the great harbour—Malakhoff, Great and Little Redan, Flagstaff, Central Tower, and Quarantine Battery—the sea defences, Forts Alexander, St. Nicholas, and St. Paul; the second line of defence, the Garden and Barrack batteries, the Dockyard, Harbour, and Careening Bay, with the full cannon sweep of Sebastopol roads—all are in the power of the Allies.

THE RUSSIAN BLACK SEA FLEET HAS PERISHED UTTERLY.

How many ships of war have been sunk and how many burned we must wait to know, and it matters little, for *all* have been destroyed. The language of the generals and admirals is explicit; not one of the proud ships of Sinope could now be found to carry a Menschikoff to Constantinople.

The grand attack on Sebastopol was made on Saturday last, the evermore memorable 8th of September, at noon, by storming the Malakhoff, and the Little and Great Redans. In all our gallant Allies and our own brave troops effected a lodgment, but such was the force of the enemy's concentrated artillery fire, and such the strength of his reserve infantry, that only the Malakhoff could be held. Here—within the enciente—the French firmly fixed themselves, and defied all attempts to dislodge them. While the troops on the right were engaged on the Malakhoff, General de Salles made a diversion on the other side of the town, from the left attack, against the Central Bastion, but did not effect a permanent lodgment. The Malakhoff has proved an all-sufficient entrance. It is not known that, beyond establishing themselves in this work, the besiegers prosecuted the attack: the enemy gave them no time. The Malakhoff was taken on Saturday afternoon, and on Saturday night the Russians, in the exacerbation of despair, began to sink their ships, blow up their magazines, and burn their city. By Sunday morning last Sebastopol was evacuated, and the communication between the north forts and the town broken off.

We give the despatches authenticating this intelligence, in consecutive order:—

RENEWAL OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

GENERAL SIMPSON'S DESPATCHES.

"Crimea, Sept. 5.

"Our batteries opened fire at daylight this morning.

"Sept. 6, 5 p.m.

"The bombardment goes on steadily and favourably, with few casualties on our side. A Russian frigate, supposed to have been set on fire by our rockets, was burnt last night in the Great Harbour."

"Crimea, Sept. 8.

"Another Russian frigate was destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon in the Great Harbour of Sebastopol. A large fire is burning this morning about the middle of the town of Sebastopol. Last night, about five minutes past one o'clock, a great explosion took place, supposed to have been one of the enemy's magazines on the north side."

THE SUCCESSFUL ASSAULT ON THE MALAKHOFF.

GENERAL SIMPSON'S DESPATCH.

"Crimea, Sept. 8, 11.35 p.m.

"The Allied forces attacked the defences of Sebastopol this day, at 12 o'clock.

"The assault on the Malakhoff has been successful, and the work is in possession of the French.

"The attack of the English against the Redan did not succeed."

GENERAL PELISSIER'S DESPATCH.

Varna, Sept. 9, 3.35 Morning.

"We commenced the assault on the Malakhoff at noon yesterday. Its entrenchments and the Redan of Careening Bay were carried by our brave soldiers by storm, with admirable intrepidity, to the shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' We immediately occupied ourselves in lodging ourselves there. We succeeded in doing so at Malakhoff. The Redan of Careening Bay was not tenable, owing to the heavy fire of artillery which was poured upon the first occupants of that work. However, our footing in the Malakhoff will soon enable us to reduce that as well as the Redan itself, of which our brave Allies carried the salient with their habitual courage. But, like ourselves before the Redan of Careening Bay, they were forced to retire before the enemy's artillery and his powerful reserves.

"When our eagles were seen floating on the Malakhoff, General de Salles made two attempts on the Central Bastion. They were not successful. The troops retired into the trenches.

"Our loss is severe; we cannot yet state its amount, but it is entirely compensated by our success, for the taking of the Malakhoff is a result the consequence of which will be immense."

SEBASTOPOL IN POSSESSION OF THE ALLIES.—TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET.

DESPATCHES FROM GENERAL SIMPSON.

"Crimea, Sept. 9.

"Sebastopol is in the possession of the Allies. The enemy, during the night and this morning, have evacuated the South side, after exploding their magazines, and setting fire to the whole of the town; all the men of war were burned during the night, with the exception of three steamers, which are plying about the harbour. The bridge communicating with the North side is broken."

"Crimea, Sept. 10.

"The casualties, I regret to say, are somewhat heavy.

"No general officer killed.

"Names shall be sent as soon as possible."

DESPATCHES FROM GENERAL PELISSIER.

"Brancion Redoubt, Sunday, 3 a.m.

"The Karabelnaia suburb and southern part of Sebastopol no more exist."

"The enemy perceiving how firmly we were established in the Malakhoff, resolved to evacuate the place, after having blown up by mines and laid in ruins nearly all the defences.

"Passing the night here in the midst of my troops, I am able to assure you from personal observation that the Karabelnaia suburb has been completely blown up, and the same thing must have happened before our Left Attack.

"This immense success does the greatest honour to our troops. Tomorrow I shall be able to ascertain more precisely the results of this great day, in which Generals Bosquet and M'Mahon have shared the chief honours.

"On the Tchernaya all is peaceable; we are guarding that line."

"Crimea, Sept. 9, 9 p.m.

"To-day I have ascertained that the enemy has sunk his steam vessels.

"The work of destruction continues under the fire of our mortars. As mines are successively sprung at different points, it is my duty to defer entering the place, which has the appearance of a great furnace.

"Prince Gortschakoff, being closely pressed by our fire, has demanded an armistice to carry off his wounded. The bridge near Fort St. Paul has been destroyed by the enemy.

"I am engaged in ascertaining the amount of our loss, and I shall forward the result as soon as I know it exactly.

"Everything is going on well.

"We are watching the movements of the enemy on the Tchernaya."

DESPATCH FROM ADMIRAL LYONS.

"Crimea, Sept. 9.

"During the night the Russians have sunk all the remainder of the line-of-battle ships in Sebastopol Harbour."

GENERAL LA MARMORA'S DESPATCH.

General La Marmora, writing from Kadikoi, Sept. 9, says:—

"The general assault was made on Sebastopol yesterday. It was crowned by a brilliant success.

"The Malakhoff Tower was taken by the *corps d'armée* of General Bosquet.

"Our soldiers, though they did not take part in the assault, had forty men killed and wounded in the trenches.

"The French and English assaulted with true heroism.

"During the night the Russians retired, after having burned the town and blown up the fortifications and buildings, and having sunk their last ships."

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF'S DESPATCH.

Berlin, Monday Night.

A despatch from Prince Gortschakoff of the 9th at noon, says:—

"The enemy receives constantly reinforcements of fresh troops. The bombardment is fiercely violent.

"10 AT NIGHT.—The garrison of Sebastopol, after sustaining an infernal fire (*feu d'enfer*), repulsed six assaults, but could not drive the enemy from the Korniloff Bastion (the Malakhoff Tower). Our brave troops, who resisted to the last extremity, are now crossing over to the northern part of Sebastopol.

"The enemy found nothing in the southern part but blood-stained ruins.

"On the 9th of September the passage of the garrison from the southern to the northern part was accomplished with extraordinary success, our loss on that occasion being but 100 men.

"We left, I regret to say, nearly 500 men grievously wounded on the southern side."

THE SHELLING OF SEBASTOPOL BY THE ALLIED FLEETS.

VICE-ADMIRAL BRUAT'S DESPATCH.

"Crimea, Sept. 9, 10.15 a.m.

"The assault upon the Malakhoff Tower was made yesterday at noon, and later on the Great Redan and on the Central Bastion.

"A gale from the north kept the ships at anchor.

"The mortar boats, to be enabled to fire, were obliged to enter Strelitzka Bay.

"They fired 600 shells against the Quarantine Bastion and Fort Alexander.

"The six English mortar boats, also at anchor in Strelitzka Bay, fired about the same number of shells.

"Last night violent explosions and vast conflagrations made us suppose that the Russians were evacuating the town.

"To-day we ascertained that the Russian vessels had been sunk.

"The bridge was covered with troops retreating to the north side.

"After 8 o'clock the bridge was destroyed.

"Only a few steamers remain in the port, anchored near Fort Catherine.

"I approached this morning the Quarantine Batteries on board the *Brandon*, and ascertained myself that they are now evacuated.

"They have just blown up.

"Our soldiers have left their trenches and spread themselves in isolated groups on the ramparts of the town, which appears to be completely abandoned."

DESPATCH FROM GENERAL SIMPSON.

"Crimea, Sept. 12, 10.40 A.M.

"The enemy have destroyed the remainder of their fleet.

"Nothing now remains in the harbour."

DESPATCH FROM REAR-ADMIRAL LYONS.

September 12, 10.45, a.m.

"The Russians are burning their steamers; several have already been burned to the water's edge, and have sunk."

THE CELEBRATION OF THE VICTORY IN FRANCE.

"An Imperial decree published in the *Moniteur* of Thursday last, nominates General Pelissier Marshal of France.

"The Ministers of the Interior and of Public Worship have sent circulars to the prefects and bishops, ordering the celebration of a *Te Deum* on the 16th instant in all the departments of the empire."

The *Te Deum* was celebrated at Paris on the 13th with great effect.

EMPEROR ALEXANDER'S MOVEMENTS.

By telegraphic despatches received from Berlin and Vienna yesterday (Friday), we are informed that the Czar intended leaving St. Petersburg on Thursday last for Moscow and Warsaw where he is expected on the 22nd or 24th inst. He will be attended by Count Nesselrode, and it is thought will arrange an interview with the King of Prussia.

THE SHUTTLE YIELDING TO THE SWORD.—A factory at Dunfermline has been leased by Government, and is to be fitted up as a barracks. The place, which is walled in all round, and at a distance has a rather military look, with its mill, weaving shops, and huckling shops, is capable of lodging a whole regiment, and can be turned into the purposes intended at very little cost.

A SECOND LOCOMOTIVE FOR BALACLAVA.—On Sunday morning a telegraphic message was received at the railway foundry, Leeds, ordering a second tank locomotive engine for the Crimean Railway.

IMMENSE AMOUNT OF WARLIKE STORES CAPTURED. DESPATCH FROM GENERAL PELISSIER.

“Crimea, Sept. 10, 11 P.M.

“I inspected to-day Sebastopol and its lines of defence. The mind cannot form an exact picture of our victory, the full extent of which can only be understood by an inspection of the place itself. The multiplicity of the works of defence and the material means applied thereto exceed by far anything hitherto seen in the history of war. The capture of the Malakhoff, which compelled the enemy to fly before our eagles, already three times victorious, has placed in the hands of the Allies an amount of *matériel* and immense establishments, the importance of which it is not yet possible to state exactly. To-morrow the allied troops will occupy the Karabelnaia and the town, and under their protection an Anglo-French commission will be occupied with making out a return of the *matériel* abandoned to us by the enemy. The exultation of our soldiers is very great, and it is with shouts of ‘*Vive l’Empereur!*’ that they celebrate their victory in the camp.”

ENGLISH OFFICERS KILLED AND WOUNDED.

War Department, Sept. 12.

Lord Panmure thinks it right to observe that in the transmission of the list by telegraph several mistakes occurred in the names of the officers wounded, and he cannot therefore hold himself responsible for its accuracy:—

LIST OF OFFICERS KILLED.

Lieut.-Col. Patullo, 30th Foot; Lieut.-Col. Cuddy, 55th Foot; Lieut.-Col. Handcock, 97th Foot; Major Welford, 97th Foot; Capt. J. C. N. Stevenson, 30th Foot; Capt. Every, 41st Foot; Capt. J. A. Lockhart, 41st Foot; Capt. G. Rocher, 49th Foot; Capt. R. A. Cox, 62nd Foot; Capt. W. B. C. A. Parker, 77th Foot; Capt. H. W. Grogan, 88th Foot; Capt. H. Preston, 90th Foot; Capt. Hutcheon, 97th Foot; Capt. Hammond, Rifle Brigade; Lieut. L. Blakiston, 62nd Foot; Lieut. W. Wright, 7th Foot; Lieut. O. Colt, 7th Foot; Lieut. R. H. Sommerville, 24th Foot; Lieut. D. Dymally, 23rd Foot; Lieut. H. Donovan, 33rd Foot; Lieut. A. D. Swift, 90th Foot; Lieut. F. Wilmer, 90th Foot; Lieut. D. McGregor, 97th Foot; Lieut. S. Ryder, Rifle Brigade; Ensign Deane, 30th Foot; Deputy-Assistant Commissary W. Hayter.

DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED.

Lieut.-Col. T. B. Gough, 33rd Foot; Lieut.-Col. J. Egan, 41st Foot; Major L. F. Maude, 3rd Foot; Major S. R. Chapman, 20th Foot; Captain Sedley, R.E.; Captain W. H. Poole, 23rd Foot; Captain C. H. Lumley, 97th Foot; Lieut. W. Kerr, 30th Foot; Lieut. W. M. Jones, 7th Foot; Lieut. P. Godfrey, 19th Foot; Lieut. A. Goran, 19th Foot; Lieut. W. Thompson, 17th Foot; Lieut. W. G. D. Masey, 19th Foot; Lieut. L. O'Connor, 23rd Foot; Lieut. C. Beck, 23rd Foot; Lieut. E. S. Holden, 23rd Foot; Ensign C. Michell, 49th Foot.

SEVERELY WOUNDED.

Lieut.-Col. D. Lysons, 23d Foot; Lieut.-Col. Lindesay, 63d Foot; Lieut.-Col. L. R. Tyler, 62d Foot; Lieut.-Col. D. S. F. Heyland, 7th Foot; Lieut.-Col. F. Maxwell, 88th Foot; Lieut.-Col. J. Unett, 19th Foot; Major W. Rooke, 47th Foot; Major A. Carr, 55th Foot; Major J. H. King, 49th Foot; Capt. Pocock, 30th Foot; Capt. R. Hume, 55th Foot; Captain H. Hubbard, 7th Foot; Capt. J. Hickie, 7th Foot; Capt. F. Vane, 23d Foot; Capt. J. Butts, 77th Foot; Capt. B. Mauleverer, 88th Foot; Capt. G. R. Beresford, 88th Foot; Capt. R. Grove, 90th Foot; Capt. W. Tinning, 90th Foot; Capt. J. Wade, 90th Foot; Capt. R. Sibthorpe, 97th Foot; Capt. A. C. L. Fitzroy, Royal Artillery; Capt. H. Vaughan, 90th Foot; Lieut. H. C. Elphinstone, Royal Engineers; Lieut. G. A. Morgan, 55th Foot; Lieut. R. Williams, 1st Foot; Lieut. R. Caton, 1st Foot; Lieut. M. Field, 30th Foot; Lieut. G. Sanders, 30th Foot; Lieut. W. Johnson, 55th Foot; Lieut. F. Kingscote, 41st Foot; Lieut. W. Twiss, 62d Foot; Lieut. R. Molcaworth, 19th Foot; Lieut. S. C. Millett, 23d Foot; Lieut. J. Williamson, 23d Foot; Lieut. F. M. Dare, 23d Foot; Lieut. J. Tapper, 23d Foot; Lieut. J. Trent, 33d Foot; Lieut. J. Laurie, 34th Foot; Lieut. N. Harris, 34th Foot; Lieut. W. Lambert, 88th Foot; Lieut. E. Hopton, 88th Foot; Lieut. L. Scott, 88th Foot; Lieut. Watson, 88th Foot; Lieut. J. Ratsey, 90th Foot; Lieut. S. C. Pigott, Bart., 90th Foot; Lieut. P. J. Deverill, 90th Foot; Lieut. H. Goodrich, 90th Foot; Lieut. R. Goodenough, 97th Foot; Lieut. R. Champion, Royal Artillery; Lieut. Tyler, Royal Artillery; Ensign A. Latta, 3d Foot; Ensign A. Martin, 11th Foot; Ensign G. Walter, 88th Foot.

SEVERELY CONTUSED.

Lieut. M. Waters, 77th Foot; Lieut. C. Knowles, 77th Foot.

SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.

General Van Straubenzee; General Shirley; General Warren; Col. Hon. P. Herbert; Lieut.-Col. Mauleverer, 30th Foot; Major Campbell, 30th Foot; Major Pratt, 41st Foot; Major Turner, 7th Foot; Major Warden, 10th Foot; Major Woodford, Rifle Brigade; Capt. C. Hood, 3rd Foot; Capt. Dunbar, 3rd Foot; Capt. Rowlands, 41st Foot; Capt. Hunter, 62nd Foot; Capt. Clippendall, 19th Foot; Capt. Ellis, 33rd Foot; Capt. Perrin, 90th Foot; Capt. Woods, 97th Foot; Capt. Hon. R. Pellet, Rifle Brigade; Major J. H. King, 49th Foot; Lieut. Parker, 17th Foot; Lieut. Hon. W. Plunkett, 1st Foot; Lieut. Cox, 3rd Foot; Lieut. Austin, 30th Foot; Lieut. Parkinson, 95th Foot; Lieut. Maude, 41st Foot; Lieut. Bayley, 19th Foot; Lieut. Prevost, 23rd Foot; Lieut. Radcliffe, 23rd Foot; Lieut. Wallis, 33rd Foot; Lieut. Leggett, 77th Foot; Lieut. Haydock, 90th Foot; Lieut. Graham, 90th Foot; Lieut. Browne, 97th Foot; Lieut. Fitzgerald, 97th Foot; Lieut. Eyre, Rifle Brigade; Lieut. Ryley, Rifle Brigade; Lieut. Eccles, Rifle Brigade; Lieut. Moore, Rifle Brigade; Lieut. Borough, Rifle Brigade; Lieut. Playne, Rifle Brigade.

MISSING.—Lieut. H. Palmer, 62nd Foot.

LETTER OF AN ENGLISH OFFICER PRISONER IN SEBASTOPOL.

August.

No description of mine could give you an adequate idea of the misery existing within this fort. When our army was in the greatest distress last winter, we were healthy and happy compared to what the Russian troops in Sebastopol have been since I was taken prisoner, and, by all accounts, for months before. All ranks appear to see and feel that sooner or later the place must fall, and in private the officers say openly that had there been but one head instead of two directing the allied armies, Sebastopol would long ago have been in possession of the French and English. The prisoners are well cared for, particularly the officers, by the Russian authorities, and have little to complain of, except loss of liberty. The scoundrels who deserted from our ranks to the enemy have long ago found out their mistake, I fancy. They are greatly distrustful by their new friends, and kept in a sort of dishonourable surveillance, but looked very strictly after. One of them, a miscreant who had deserted some time ago from one of the Highland regiments, had the insolence to speak to me the other day, and complain that he was “worse treated than the prisoners.” He asked, “what would be his fate if Sebastopol fell into the hands of the allies; would he be shot?” I replied, “certainly not; he would be hung before the whole army, and by the hands of the lowest Greek or Bulgarian that could be found in the camp.”

It is surprising how well the Russians know everything that goes on in our camp; there must be many spies in our lines.

The Russians speak of the bravery of our men, infantry and cavalry, as something perfectly marvellous, but they seem to think our troops are not well handled by the generals, and that we thus throw away our best chances. An artillery officer confessed to me the other day, that in the open field, with equal numbers, an English army would get the best of a fight “unless,” he added, “your superior officers let the whole affair be lost by want of arrangement and utter confusion.”

Nearly all the younger Russian officers, and many of the seniors, speak English perfectly well, so I can get on pretty well in spite of not knowing a word of French; but this is a weary life; I often wish myself back in London, or even with the old depot at Cork or Fermoy.

The Russian officers think we are insane to attack the Redan as well as the Malakhoff. If the latter was taken, the former must have fallen; but if the Malakhoff had been held by the Russians, no troops in the world could have held the Redan. They say that if the combined forces of the Allies had “gone in for” the Malakhoff on the famous 18th, Pelissier and Lord Raglan would have commanded within Sebastopol.

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

THE EXCITEMENT IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE announcement in the papers on the morning of Monday last of the capture of the Malakhoff was received with unbounded satisfaction, and created an intense anxiety in the public as to what was likely to follow; and this feeling matured into a perfect enthusiasm when the successive despatches arrived later in the day, announcing the destruction of the Russian fleet, and the fall of South Sebastopol itself. The impression at first created among all classes seemed to be that the news was too good to be true, for the reported capture of the great Russian fortress immediately after the Battle of the Alma was not forgotten, and a fear was entertained by many that there was, at least, exaggeration in the reported success of the allied armies on the present occasion. The consequence of this doubtful reception of the news was a tremendous rush to the offices of the evening newspapers, which, up to 11 o'clock at night, could with diffi-

culty meet the demand made upon them; while the news rooms, coffee-shops, and public-houses were crowded with people anxious to read, or hear read, the despatches announcing the success; and it is impossible to describe the enthusiasm evinced when it became apparent that the southern portion of Sebastopol was actually in the hands of the Allies.

At eight o'clock, a large crowd had assembled in front of the Mansion House and Royal Exchange, in the expectation that the Lord Mayor, in his robes of state, and with full civic pomp, would make an official proclamation of the victory, as was done—now nearly a twelvemonth ago—on the occasion of the victory of the Alma. No such proclamation, however, was made—owing to the fact that no official intimation had been made at the Mansion House, by Lord Panmure, on the subject; and the crowd, after waiting patiently for some time, gradually dispersed.

The bells at many of the principal churches rang out their joyous peals, while in most of the main thoroughfares groups of people might be seen standing around one reading the despatches by light of gas from street lamps or shop windows.

At the various places of amusement the announcement of the intelligence, according to the reports, was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

REJOICINGS IN THE PROVINCES.

At Liverpool, the news, which arrived on Monday evening, when the majority of the merchants had left off business, was received in the Exchange News Room with loud cheers from those present. The intelligence spread with a celerity perfectly astounding, and created the greatest excitement. The bells of the different churches rang merry peals at intervals on Tuesday, the Royal Standard was hoisted in front of the Town Hall, and the Union Jack floated over the various public buildings—in many cases in conjunction with the French Tri-colour. The line of docks and river presented a gay appearance; many vessels showing all their bunting.

At Manchester, the news gave rise to much congratulation. The Town Hall, the Exchange, and hundreds of private buildings hoisted flags, and some of the church bells gave forth merry peals. Tuesday being the great market-day, when the country manufacturers come to the metropolitan centre of business, to sell their goods, the Exchange became a buzz of excitement from an early hour, where the probable results of the great victory were discussed with merchants of all degrees and many countries—English, Irish, Scotch, American, German, French, Italian, Greek, Jew, and Armenian.

At Leeds, at the News Room of the Commercial Buildings the news was received with three most hearty cheers, and general joy was expressed throughout the town. The bells of the parish church rang a merry peal nearly all night.

At Birmingham, there was the most stirring manifestation of delight at Russia's defeat, especially at a public meeting at the Town Hall, where Lord Hardwicke read the despatch, and the audience gladly sang the National Anthem.

At Bristol, a scene of joyous excitement, such as has seldom before been witnessed, was produced. The news, upon its first promulgation in the ancient city, spread with the rapidity of wildfire from one end to the other, each man making it his business to inform his neighbour.

At Portsmouth, on Tuesday morning, as Prince Napoleon was leaving, the ships in port fired a salute of honour for the victory of the Allies. Several of the tradesmen's shops were illuminated at night in honour of the great event.

THE BATTLE FIELD ON THE TCHERNAYA.

(Described by our Artist.)

Crimea, August 17, 1855.

I HAVE paid a visit to-day to the bridge over the Tchernaya, where the hottest part of the conflict took place. This I was not enabled to reach yesterday, in consequence of my being taken prisoner at the picket-house, as stated in a former letter. To-day I rode down to our head-quarters, where I was informed a French officer was issuing passes, but on arriving there found I had been misinformed. Colonel Pakenham, however, wrote me a letter to General Rose, who is at the French head-quarters, and this general gave me a pass to take me through the French lines and camp.

On passing the place of my capture, I went on towards the bridge. At one part of the road, the hill on the right, which commands the valley, was strewn with dead horses. There must have been upwards of 50. The manner in which they were ripped and torn about was truly horrible. The hedges and ditches, rivulets and fields, were also covered with the dead bodies of Russians (the French had been removed), which lay in the most singular postures—just as they had been shot down on the hill side, with their heads hanging backwards and their fixed eyes glaring upwards. Each man had come apparently well provided with bread, and huge masses of broken black stuff were lying about in all directions. It looked impossible for a man to eat such food, but I suppose the wheat is good. The bread was quite new, but on breaking a piece, the inside was all powder, like a dry decayed cheese. On arriving at the bridge, I was much struck by the beauty of the scene—that is, the natural beauty of it. Heaven knows the scene caused by man's horrible work was disgusting enough.

There is a breastwork thrown up by the bridge, behind which the French have pitched their tents and formed a camp. The bridge itself is a very fine white stone erection, with two arches; and with the hills in the background, and the bright colours of the soldiers' uniforms, and the Tchernaya river taking its winding course through the valley, combines to make a picture of great beauty, which I have done my best to transfer to paper, introducing numerous figure groups, of which there were a great variety. One of the most painfully horrible scenes I witnessed was the burial of the dead. Of this I also made a sketch. The French had dug a large hole, some 6 yards across by 10 yards in length; and outside this was heaped an immense pile of dead Russians, and a number of French, somewhat more decently laid in rows. The dead Russians the French were pitching into the hole anyhow, and filling up as they went on. The manner in which this ceremony was performed was dreadfully deficient in that respect for the dead which we are accustomed to pay. They simply took the body by the collar of the coat and legs of the trousers—that is, when the bodies were not naked, or half so, which was often the case—or they put them on a stretcher, and turned them over into their grave, where they fell with a dead weight, grating against the rocky sides of the grave, their congealed wounds breaking out afresh. The post won't let me write more at present. This evening we have had a little excitement by the “assembly” being round the lines, which means that an attack is to be made by us, and that all the troops were to get under arms; but, after sitting up till 12, in expectation of seeing the rocket ascend high into the air as a signal for the advance, word came that the attack was abandoned, and the roll-call sounded.

THE SEA OF AZOF.

DESTRUCTION OF 43 FISHING ESTABLISHMENTS AND 127 BOATS.

THE French Minister of the Marine has received from Vice-Admiral Brat the following despatch, dated Sept. 6:—

“Captain Huchet de Cintré, *Milan*, announces to me that the *Milan* and the *Calon* have destroyed in the Sea of Azof, between Temriank and Dolga, 43 fishing establishments, 127 boats, several thousand nets, tar, salt, and an immense number of barrels; four fishing establishments have alone escaped destruction, the shallowness of the water having prevented our vessels from approaching them. The damage done to the enemy may be estimated at several millions of francs. The fisheries in the Sea of Azof create a considerable traffic, which extends as far as Poland. The destruction now effected will render that traffic impossible this year.

“Commander Cloué, of the *Brandon*, has joined Commander Osborne, of the *Faustius*, for the purpose of ascending the Gulf of Oukliouk with boats, and burning the stores of fodder collected on that coast. All the commanders of our vessels speak highly of the excellent relations existing between them and Captain Osborne.”

The following is an extract from a letter written by the Captain of a Hull vessel, respecting the mode in which the Russians obtain their provisions and guns:—

“I forgot to tell you that I had an Englishman living on board nearly a fortnight, some time ago; he had been knocking about here five or six years. He had been an engineer in the Russian service, but would not serve any more on the war breaking out, and has been doing nothing at Kertch ever since, yet the authorities would not allow him to leave the country. He is now on board her Majesty's ship *Vesuvius* as interpreter, and is getting 7s. 6d. per day. He was very badly off when I took him on board, but now he is all right, and is liked very much; he says he shall never forget me as long as he lives. It appears by what he told me, that the Russians have been receiving a great many supplies through Kertch, not only provisions, but also guns and men. The guns came from a place a few miles up the river Don, above Taganrog, named Rostov, where there is a very large foundry for cannon. The soldiers even came from Moscow by Kertch to get to Sebastopol, which seems rather strange when you look at the map of Russia; but if you trace the river Don from Taganrog to its source you will see that it approaches very near to Moscow, and when once embarked on that river, can ride all the way to Kertch, which would make a material difference to them on their arrival at Sebastopol; for one would think, that if they had to march all the way, especially in the summer time in a burning hot sun, they would not be of much use for a few weeks after their arrival.”

THE BALTIC FLEET.

ON the 29th ult., the *Gorgon* being in want of fresh water, the boats were despatched to replenish at a place about ten miles north of Libau. All precautionary arrangements were made; the boats sent were fully manned, and armed, to protect the watering party, the *Gorgon* covering them with her guns. They had not, however, been very long so employed when a military horseman rode towards them, and after having taken a good survey, fired his carbine at the watering party, without, however, doing any harm. This being perceived on board the *Gorgon*, they administered a gentle hint to the individual, by dropping a 10-inch shell in rather alarming proximity to his horse's tail, on seeing which he immediately decamped.

On Sunday, the 2nd September, the *Imperieuse* and *Colossus* (which two vessels remained at Cronstadt when Admiral Seymour left that place for Seskar Island, with the squadron under his command) were anchored some seven or eight miles from Tolboukin Lighthouse, and on one of those dense fogs, now so prevalent in the Baltic, suddenly clearing off, they perceived a Russian squadron, consisting of a 90-gun steam line-of-battle ship, a frigate, two steamers, and some gun-boats, almost close to them. Nothing daunted by the sight of this superior force, the *Imperieuse* and *Colossus* slipped their cables, and pushed in to meet the enemy, when, to their surprise, the Russian squadron turned tail, and very quietly ran into port. The two English vessels chased them right inside Tolboukin; indeed, they followed them as close in as they could go to the batteries. It seems from all accounts that the 90-gun steam liner was quite a new vessel, and had probably come out to try her engines; as it was Sunday, a large concourse of people had assembled on the piers and quays of Cronstadt to see the mighty liner, with his ninety mouths, make his trial trip, and were, of course, witnesses of the inglorious retreat.

According to later accounts, the destruction of the arsenal of Swenborg is likely to be followed by an attack on another of the enemy's strongholds in the Gulf of Finland. A supply of rockets, furnished by the French Government, has recently arrived at Nargen. These destructive engines of warfare are reported to be constructed on a novel principle, having a range of 7,000 yards, and loaded with a shell 30lb. in weight. If on trial they are found to possess the qualities assigned them, they will be distributed to the steam gun-boats and rocket-boats, and by them be thrown into the town of Revel, for the purpose of reducing it to ashes. Operations on a minor scale, tending still further to decrease the power of Russia in these seas, are being actively carried on in the Gulf of Bothnia by Rear-Admiral Baynes, who has under his orders several small steamers, with a due proportion of gun-boats, whose draught of water admits their penetrating the narrow creeks and channels of that locality, whereby further advantages over the enemy are being gained. The ships of the fleet are distributed in sufficient numbers along the coasts of both gulfs as to preserve a most effective blockade of all the ports.

Four of the larger class of screw liners are reported as likely to be detached for service in the Black Sea, to relieve the sailing ships *Albion*, *London*, *Rodney*, and *Queen*, the former of which has been upwards of five years in commission.

THE LATE HANGO AFFAIR—DR. EASTON'S ACCOUNT.

THE friends of Mr. Easton, the surgeon captured at Hango, have received from him an account of the recent brutal affair at that place—the greater portion of which we subjoin. Writing from Wladimir, August 5, the Doctor says:—

“Here am I planted in the midst of Russia. The governor is very kind, and his lady speaks English admirably, and uses it to promote my comfort and happiness by every means possible. In truth, I am overwhelmingly indebted to Lady Annenkoff for her unceasing beneficence, taking from exile most of its sting. I have good quarters and kindness from all I meet. What can I desire more, except liberty?”

“I send you an account of what came under my knowledge at Hango. “June 4 or 5 (I am not quite sure of the date), the Cossack anchored off Hango for the purpose of setting at liberty several Finnish merchant captains taken prisoners in the Gulf of Finland.

“On this service a cutter with eleven men, under the command of Lieutenant Geneste, accompanied by Mr. Sullivan, was ordered to proceed on shore, hoisting a flag of truce (white flag).

“I, hearing there was a boat to be sent on shore to land the prisoners, thought I might as well take advantage of the chance of a walk, however short.

“Three stewards were sent in the boat to purchase, if allowed, milk, eggs, &c. “Being a medical man, I, of course paid no attention to any of the arrangements connected with the boat, so that I did not know there were any arms in her; nor did I think it necessary to pay any attention as to flags, except that I sometimes called out to let the flag of truce be well seen.

“The boat, bearing the white flag in her bows lashed to a boarding-pike, was pulled under the telegraph station, the Finnish captain, Lundstrom, I think, directing where to land. Inside the point of land on which the telegraph is placed, we found a small harbour with a wooden pier, which we went alongside of.

“Lieutenant Geneste then gave orders to the sailors not to leave the boat, but to put on the pier the luggage belonging to the prisoners.

“Geneste, Sullivan, myself, the three stewards, and the prisoners landed on the pier, one of the stewards taking the white flag with him.

“We had only taken a few steps, when from all sides a fire was opened on us. I saw for the first time soldiers, and at a hurried glance, I thought about 100 of them had surrounded us. The first I saw was Lundstrom, next one of the stewards. I immediately jumped into the water to get to the boat, but saw she had drifted a little from the landing place, with several of the sailors seemingly dead in her.

“Seeing no other means of escape, I got under the pier, thinking if not discovered, I might manage to get off to the ship at night. I found that one of the stewards, wounded, and one of the sailors, unwounded, also one of the Finnish captains, had likewise taken shelter under the pier. The affair seemed to be over in an instant, there being no resistance on our side—in fact, no time for it.

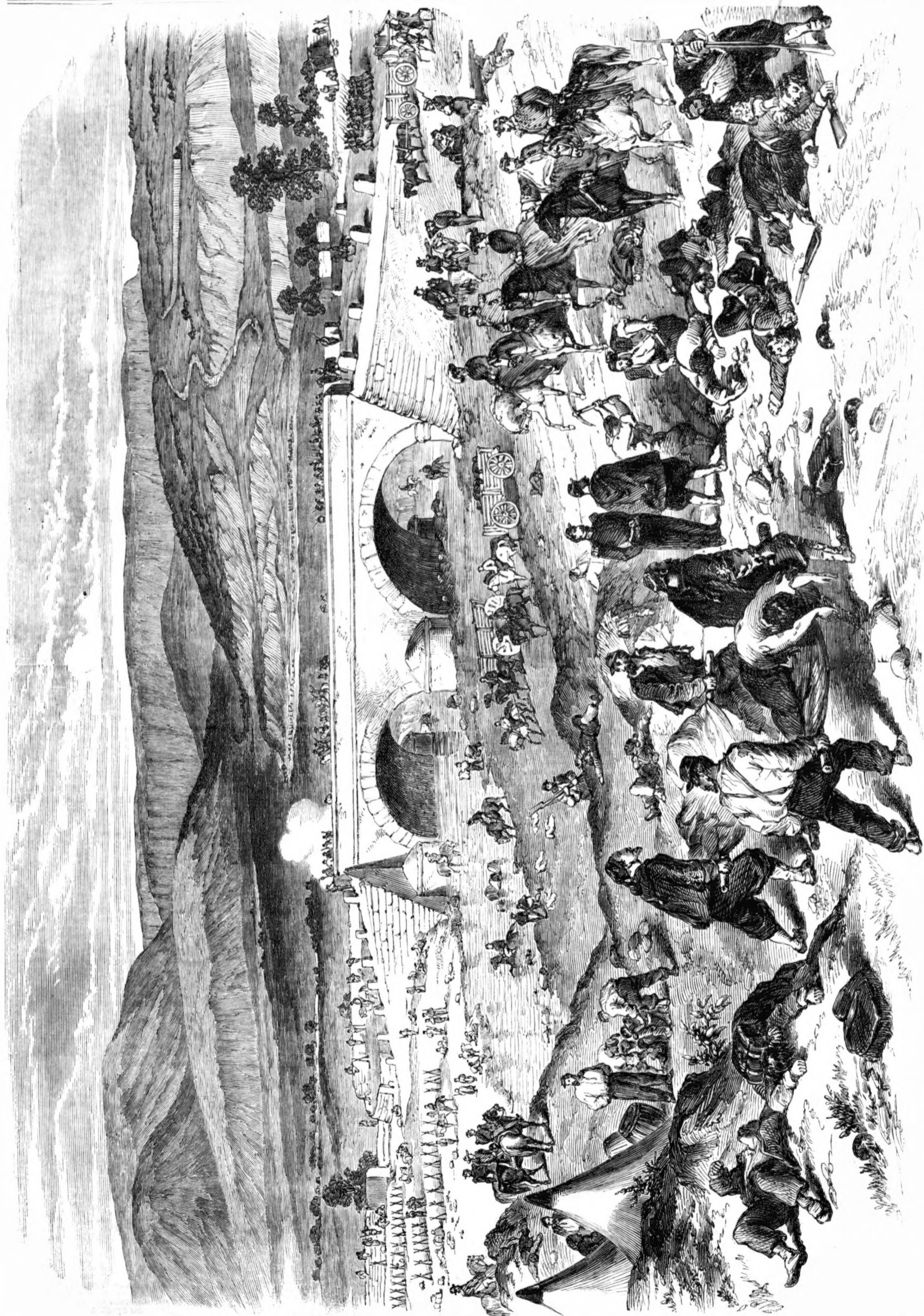
“After a short time, all being quiet, the Finnish captain left the pier, and shortly after returned with men from the village, when of course we became prisoners.

“We were placed in wagons and taken to Ekens, where, to my great delight, I found Geneste and Sullivan, with three of our men unwounded, and three others wounded.

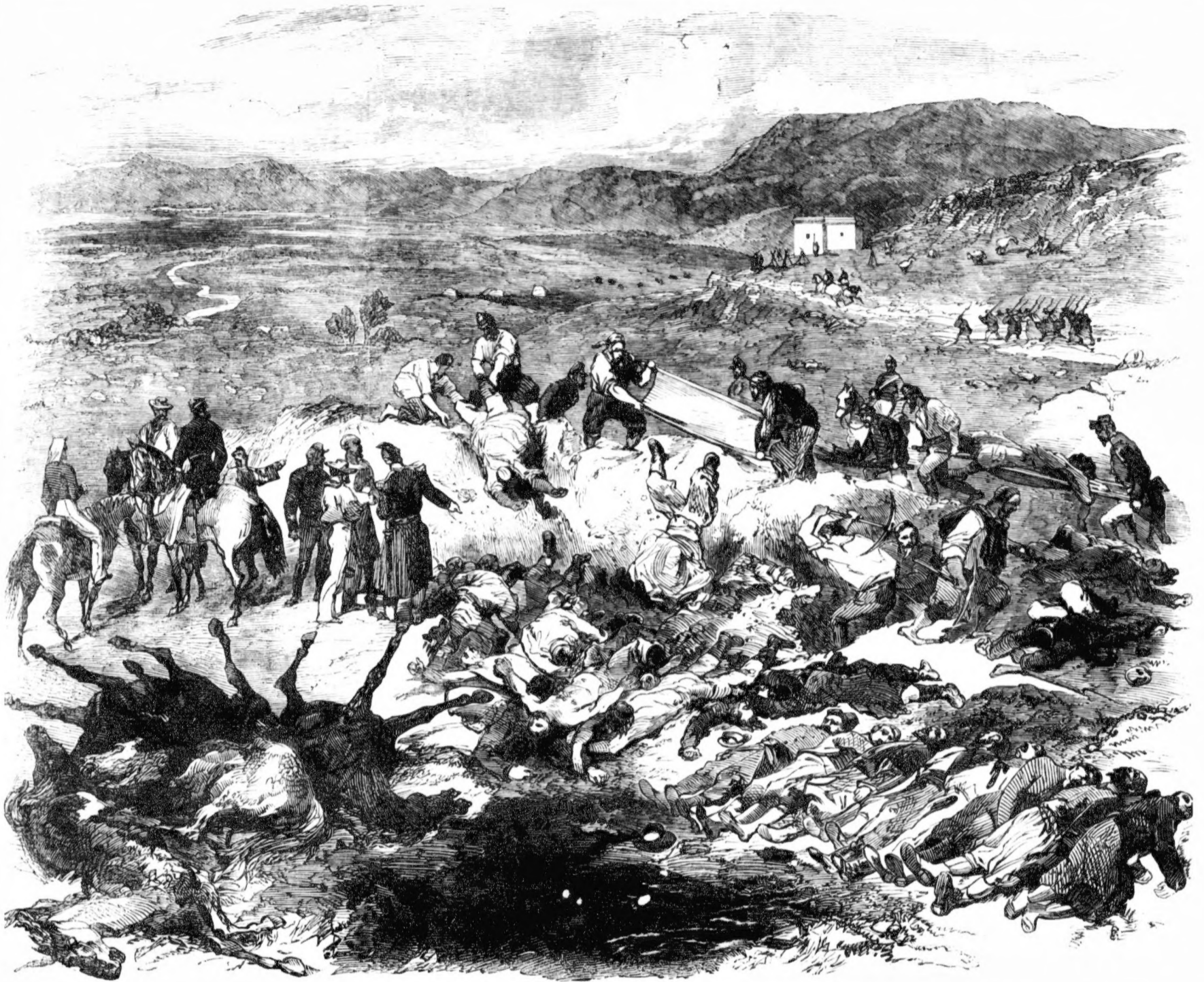
“While under the pier, I, of course, did not know the fate of the others, but, from the firing, thought all except the two with me had fallen. We were very kindly treated when prisoners, and everything was done for the wounded that could possibly be done.

ROBERT T. EASTON, Surgeon, R.N.”

THE RECENT ATTACK ON SWENBORG.—The Emperor of Russia, in a letter which he has addressed to General Berg, says, “The unsuccessful attack of the powerful Anglo-French fleet against Swenborg has now served as a brilliant example of your judicious measures, as well as of the capabilities of the brave defenders of the fortress. As a proof of our monarchical favour for your services, I nominate you Knight of the Order of the Saint Apostle Andrus with swords, and send you herewith the insignia.”



TRAKTIR BRIDGE OVER THE TCHERNAYA, SHOWING THE WORKS ERECTED BY THE FRENCH FOR ITS DEFENCE AFTER THE BATTLE—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN FORBES)



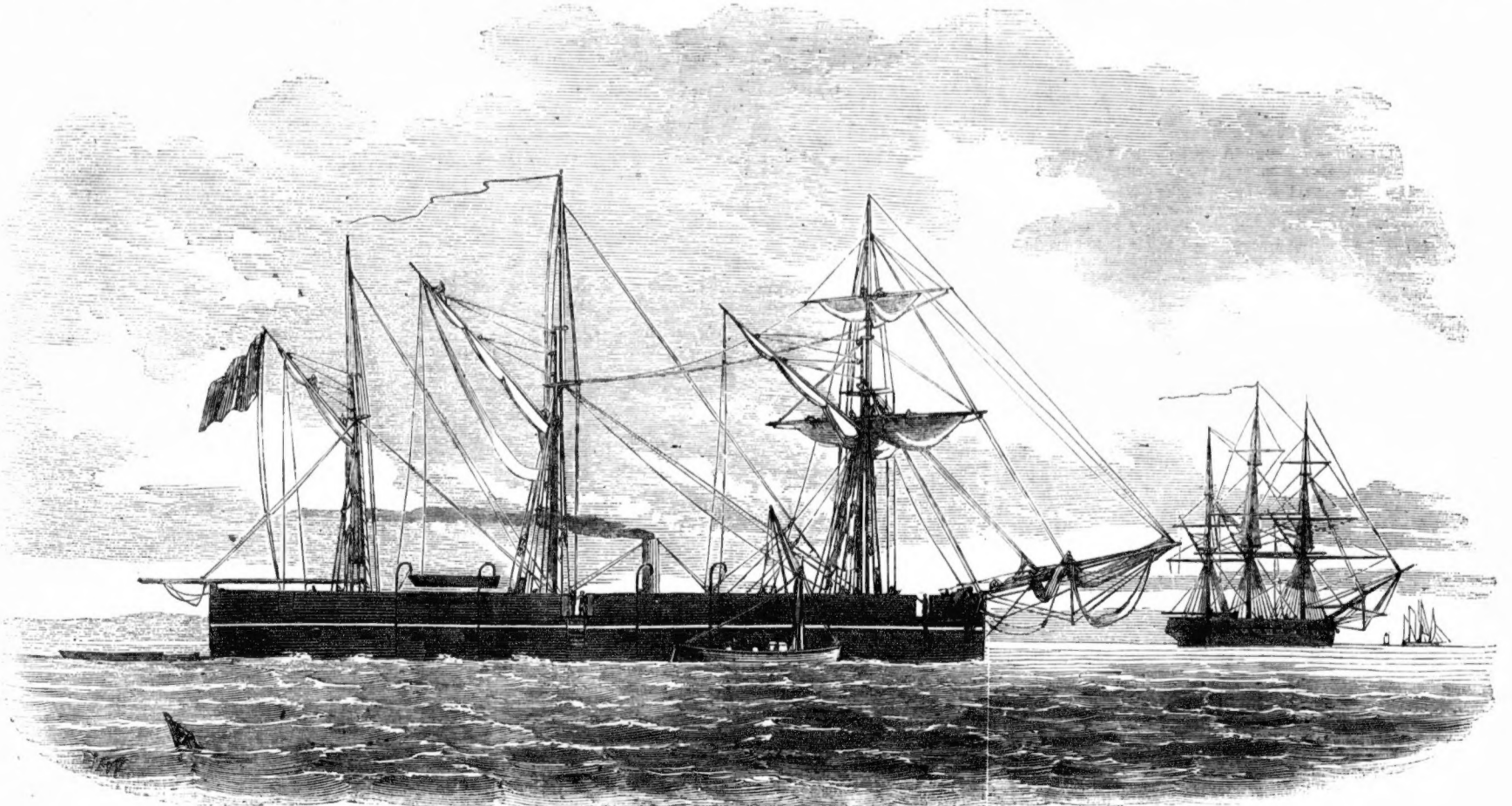
THE BATTLE-FIELD OF THE TCHERNAYA.—BURYING THE DEAD.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTCH.)

THE FLOATING BATTERIES.

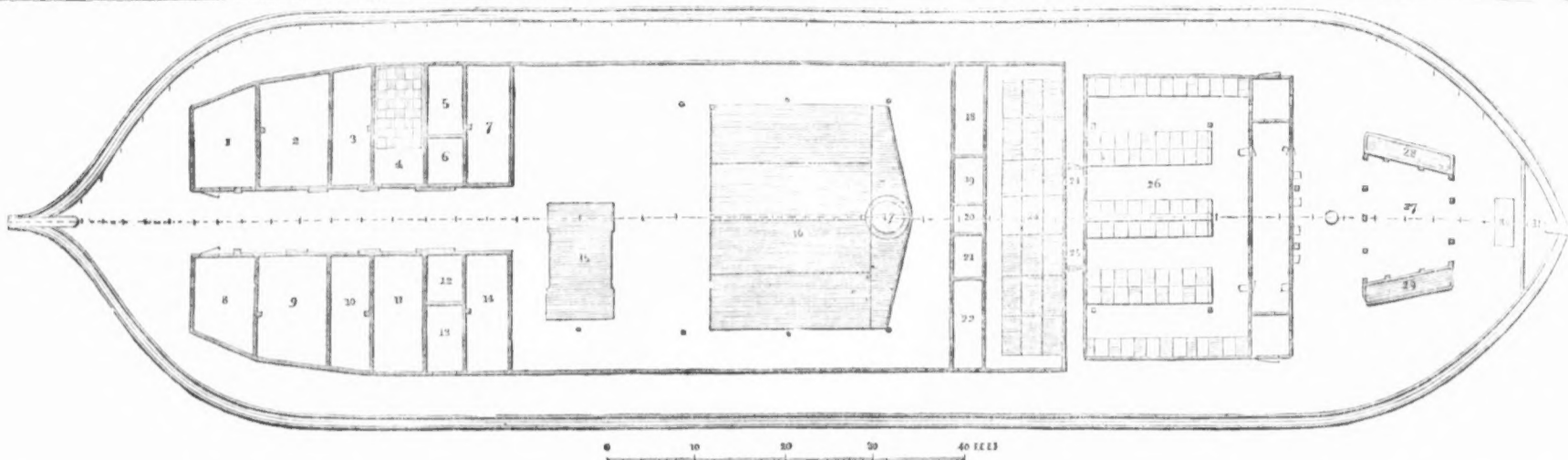
A DISCOVERY has been made, that our floating war-castles—the pride and boast of the nation—are comparatively useless and ineffective in a war with Russia, whose ships never leave the shelter of their stone batteries and almost impregnable harbours. Such vessels as the *Duke of Wellington*

and the *Royal Albert*—splendid specimens of naval architecture as they are—cannot be placed alongside of the enemy; and in such an emergency, it became necessary to construct a new description of war-vessel. The “despatch boats” were the first experiment, but failed in consequence of drawing too much water, and their armament was too light. The French

came to our assistance, and suggested floating batteries of enormous power. The idea was seized with avidity, and nearly 40 are afloat or ready for launching. The first floating battery seems to have been brought into use by the Americans in the war of 1813, at which period a steam-ship, called the *Fullon* (from the name of the inventor), appears to have had a very



THE GLATTON FLOATING BATTERY.



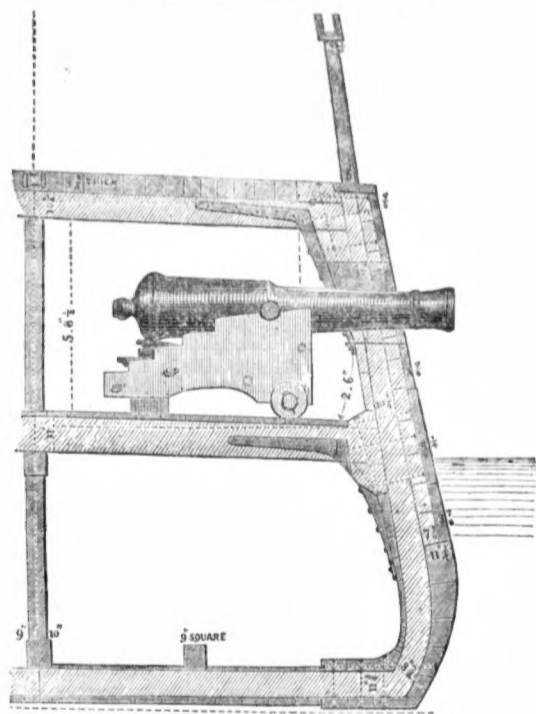
THE GLATTON FLOATING BATTERY.—PLAN OF HOLD.

1. Purser's Steward's Issuing Room. 2. Bread Room. 3. Provisions. 4. Shell Room. 5. Shot Locker. 6. Chain Cable. 7. Engineer's Store Room. 8. Captain's Stores. 9. Wardroom Stores. 10. Spirits. 11. Provisions. 12. Chain Cable. 13. Shot Locker. 14. Engineer's Store Room. 15. Engines. 16. Boilers. 17. Funnel. 18. Shot Locker. 19. Chain Cable. 20. Steam Cable. 21. Chain Cable. 22. Shot Locker. 23. Water Tanks. 24, 25. Lights. 26. Magazine. 27. Hawse, &c. 28. Dispensary. 29. Stores. 30. Ladder-way over. 31. Shot Locker.

formidable floating battery, with power of locomotion, at the rate of five miles an hour, without the aid of masts or sails; she could preserve her position on the quarter of a ship for any time in calms or light winds. She had thirty long 32-pounders on one deck; her sides were five feet thick, and, being covered over like the back of a tortoise, bade defiance to the shot of an enemy. For the defence of rivers and still waters, she answered every purpose, and could have been encountered only by a vessel of similar construction. As she was not produced till after the conclusion of the war, she never came into action, but experiments were made, and her powers proved to be very surprising.

The *Fulton* to some extent resembled those now added to the navies of England and France. The *Glatton*, built at Green's yard, of which we give a sketch taken just before her departure from Sheerness, is in construction precisely like the others, they being all built from one model, the only difference being, that the *Glatton* and *Trusty* are pierced for sixteen guns of the largest calibre on each broadside, the others for ten or twelve guns.

Extreme length between perpendiculars	172	6
Extreme length of keel for tonnage	146	0
Breadth extreme	43	11
Breadth for tonnage	24	5
Breadth-moulded	42	0
Depth in hold	14	7
Burthen in tons	1,469	



THE GLATTON.—ONE-FOURTH OF MID-SHIP SECTION, SHOWING POSITION OF IRON PLATES AND SIZE OF TIMBERS.

There are two decks—the lower one to be the fighting deck, while the upper one is bomb proof, and eight inches thick. The sides of these tremendous floating batteries are rendered impervious to shot, by being perfectly incased in wrought-iron slabs. Each slab is 12 feet and $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch long, 2 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in thickness. The average weight is 2 tons 15 cwt., and the test to which each slab has been subjected affords ample room for believing that they are capable of resisting the heaviest shot in use. The batteries, taken altogether, are, at any rate, the most formidable class of war-vessels hitherto constructed. The *Glatton*, Captain Arthur Cumming, and the *Meteor*, 14, Captain F. B. P. Seymour, left Falmouth on the 22nd ult. for the Black Sea, and the following extracts from a letter sent home by one of the crew of the *Glatton* furnish us with the latest particulars respecting this vessel, and show that so far at least as her sailing qualities are concerned, the confidence expressed in her has been misplaced. The letter is dated Vigo, August 31, 1855:—

"After leaving Falmouth, in tow of the *Horatio*, on the 22nd of August, we touched at Brest, the weather looking anything but pleasant. Our captain and officers, as well as ourselves, were rather disappointed in not finding a French floating battery there. Some of our officers went on shore at the dockyard, and saw the master shipwright of Brest yard, who told them the *Tonnant* had sailed. Our officers told him it was very strange we could not steer our batteries, not even when we were towed, that was, when our speed (under tow) exceeded 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ knots. His (the master shipwright's) reply was, 'Of course not. The *Tonnant* was quite unmanageable at first; then we put two rudders, one on each quarter, for the purpose of navigation; she then steered perfectly well.' All our officers then expressed a wish that we had two rudders, and immediately after we left Brest we commenced inventing rudders. The after leeboard was lashed up and down the after boat's davit, to act as a quarter rudder. This did not answer very well. Then we got one of our gun davits and fitted it as follows:—It was hooked into the sternpost like a swinging boom to a ship's side, goose-neck fastened, pieces of board were nailed on the end, guys were taken to the after cat heads, on each quarter. Our ship always carried a starboard helm, so this, roused well on and belayed, had a wonderful effect; in fact, God knows what we should have done without it. To keep leeboards down when the ship is going through the water, and not going to leeward, is all humbug. We had fine weather across the bay till the evening of the 29th inst., when the sea got up a little. Our patent

rudder was not the slightest good at that time. We yaved about five or six points each way, the *Horatio* towing. It was very evident to all that we should soon be on our own hook, although you must know we had two 13-inch hawsers, and a 20-inch cable. Our first lieutenant remained on deck until 10 p.m., and at 2 a.m. he turned out, or rather jumped up all-standing, on the cry of 'all hands on deck.' The cables had all parted. The ship was in a very heavy swell. Our steam was ordered to be got up immediately, the fires being kept banked up. We all thought with a fair breeze, certainly strong enough to take a frigate ten knots, we should have steered; but the devil a bit. Then we rolled in the trough of the sea till our steam was up; the ship going whichever way she liked, and the *Horatio*, strange to say, was nowhere to be seen in a very short time. When our steam was up we managed to steam along pretty fair. At daylight our welcome friend the *Horatio* bore down. I tell you, navigating in a battery, our officers as well as ourselves know how to appreciate a fine steam frigate, which, as a sea boat, the old *Horatio* has proved herself. We are to sail to-morrow for wherever we can fetch, our officers say Cadiz or Gibraltar. We have heard nothing of the *Meteor* at Vigo or any of the French batteries. We are going to make a new rudder, for it is terrible being left adrift and not being able to steer. Our officers are nearly worn out—no rest for any of them. A leak was discovered after leaving Brest; it is aft, near the shaft; it runs in about a bucket a minute; but that is nothing to those who sail in batteries. If you wish all hands on board the *Glatton* a safe arrival somewhere, pray the new rudder may succeed."

NAPIER V. GRAHAM.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER has addressed another letter to the daily papers, in which he thus justifies the course he has adopted in making the correspondence between Sir James Graham and himself public:—

"Some persons doubt the propriety of my publishing these letters, but they do not sufficiently make allowances for my position. All Europe knows that I was sent to command the Baltic fleet last summer. Europe knows that the Emperor highly approved of the conduct of the French officers by sea and land; and all Europe knows that three British Admirals were not in the Baltic this campaign, and naturally concludes that they had not done their duty. I asked for a court-martial, and was repeatedly refused. I applied to the Cabinet, and was treated with silent contempt; and I appealed to the House of Commons, and was refused papers, because it was inconvenient to the public service; that excuse has now ceased."

"I am quite aware the step I have taken cuts me off from all further connection with the service, but I hope to hand down to my descendants an unsullied reputation; and had I allowed things to remain as they were, the papers at the Admiralty would have been preserved, and I should have gone down to posterity as a British Admiral who had not done his duty."

REPORTS BY FRENCH PRISONERS IN RUSSIA.

A CONSIDERABLE exchange of prisoners has taken place at Odessa. From some of the French officers exchanged who have arrived at Constantinople, some curious particulars have been elicited.

These officers concur unanimously in doing justice to the good intentions of the Emperor of Russia with respect to themselves. His orders were full of kind foresight, and bore the impress of a generous character. For example, when the French officers were sent to Odessa, the Emperor Alexander gave orders that they should all receive fresh equipments (many of them wanted it badly enough); their debts also were to be paid if they had incurred any at the depot. Unfortunately the Russian Administration, which has never enjoyed a very high reputation for morality, saw in this an opportunity for a little profitable trade, which it took care not to neglect.

At Odessa, either the commander of the detachment, or the head of the police, or some other functionary, some one, in short, sent for a dealer in ready made clothes, made a bargain with him, and clothed the officers in dresses which they value at about fifteen or eighteen francs. The dress consisted of a pair of trousers, a paletot, and a cap made of cloth. Many of the officers refused to put the dress on.

A lieutenant of the 10th Regiment of the line, of the Bresson brigade, and the Dulac division, was put in the same apartment with a deserter from the Foreign Legion. His complaints, addressed to the Governor of Simpheropol, were made in vain. At the hospital at Simpheropol were two sous-lieutenants. One belongs to the Chasseurs-à-Pied, the other to the Tirailleurs Algériens. Both were taken in the ditches at the Malakoff. Each of them was presented with a shirt, as their own were bloody. When they left, they were obliged to give back the Russian shirts in return for their own.

A captain of the 46th Regiment, of the Coustou brigade and the d'Aumetarde division, was compelled to travel from Simpheropol to Kharkov, on foot, secured with a chain such as is used for condemned prisoners on their road to Siberia. The officer, burning with indignation, tore off his epaulettes and cross, and put them in his pocket.

At Simpheropol, an officer of the 2nd Regiment of the Foreign Legion of the Bazaine brigade, and Paté division, was lying in the hospital. A Russian officer asked him to change money with him, in order, as he said, to have a piece of French money as a souvenir of the war. The French officer consented; but, hearing that an English officer had yielded to the same request, and had never received any equivalent for his money, he demanded instant payment. The consequence was that the Russian made off, and was no more heard of.

Amongst the Russians officers who made part of the escort which accompanied the French officers and soldiers, particular notice must be made of a Greek named Psima. This man was so filthy as to be perfectly repulsive; he never used a handkerchief, and at table he tore in pieces with his fingers the fowls which he placed before his guests. This man Psima was one day in charge of 80 prisoners, under officers and soldiers. He received for each soldier 20 coopeks or 80 centimes (8 pence) a day. Meat, be it observed, is scarcely worth in certain places 15 centimes (three half-pence) a pound. When they halted, this man took from the peasants a goat or a sheep, and gave the animal to the soldiers. In spite of this measure, the men were badly fed. When they arrived at their destination, the soldiers reiterated the complaints they had made on the road. To silence them, Psima gave to each a silver rouble, or four francs, making in the whole a total of 320 francs.

The money subscribed in the French army for the use of the prisoners in many cases never reached its destination.

EVACUATION OF PETROPAULOVSKI.

PETROPAULOVSKI is the capital of Kamtschatka, and is a place of considerable importance. It is situated on a kind of inner bay, divided from the outer one, by a sand-bar which runs parallel to the town, leaving a narrow entrance for vessels seeking the inner harbour. It will be recollected that the allied squadron in the Pacific made an attack upon the Russian works of Petropaulovski in the early part of last September, and, having been rather warmly received, sailed southward without effecting the reduction of the place. Thereupon, considerable preparations were made by England and France to prevent the recurrence of such a disappointment, and to avenge the losses then sustained by the combined forces. The British squadron was augmented to the number of eight vessels, mounting 190 guns, and the French had two heavy frigates and two smaller vessels, mounting in all 164 guns. No doubt was entertained that with such a force, the fortifications of Petropaulovski would be annihilated, and that the Russian vessels of war which had taken refuge in the harbour would be captured or destroyed.

Some apprehension, however, did exist that these vessels, the *Aurora* and the *Dvina*, might find means to effect their escape from Petropaulovski to the Russian settlements on the Amoor, and two British steam corvettes, the *Encounter* and *Baracouta*, were accordingly detached from the squadron in the Chinese seas for the express purpose of watching the enemy and intercepting them in case of any attempt to escape. It appears, notwithstanding this precaution, that when, on the 17th April of this year, the population, about 1,200 in number, retired to the interior of the peninsula, carrying with them their effects, the authorities and garrison embarked on board the *Aurora*, the *Dvina*, and a transport, which proceeded to the Amoor with three American whalers, laden with the stores and the matériel of the place. Taking advantage of the dense fogs that prevailed off the coast of Kamtschatka, the Russian convoy passed close to the English ships without having been perceived; and accordingly, when in the early part of last May, the allied fleets, augmented by the arrival of other vessels of war, appeared before the devoted town, with the determination of effecting its reduction at all costs, they were greatly surprised to find that the American flag had been substituted for the Russian. On landing they found that the town had been deserted, and that not a single human being remained save two Yankees and a Frenchman, who acted as their cook. From them they learned that orders had come from Siberia for the removal of the Russian troops to the garrison at the mouth of the Amoor River, and that the inhabitants had also fled to the village of Avatscha, some miles distant. Immediately after the evacuation of the place, the American flag was hoisted by the two Americans. The town, after the desertion of the garrison and the inhabitants, presented, of course, a very lonely appearance. Packs of dogs scoured through the silent streets in search of food; the houses were all tenantless; and a solemn stillness reigned around.

The allied forces destroyed the forts and burnt all the Government stores. As a port of refuge, or point of aggression, the efficacy of the place is destroyed during the present war. It will now be sufficient to send a vessel, from time to time, to look in, and prevent the Russians from turning Petropaulovski to any account until peace is restored.

LIFE IN ANAPA.

FROM a native of Leeds, now on board one of her Majesty's transports, we have the following account of what was doing at Anapa at the time of the vessel's touching there, a few weeks since:—

Anapa is situated on a long tongue of land, which runs into the sea about half a mile, and is at the foot of the range of the Caucasian mountains. The place is now occupied by 50 Frenchmen, 100 Turks, and a large body of Circassians, who are coming down from the mountain with their women, children, and flocks. The Circassians are a fine body of men, very tall, and well made; they wear high hats, made of sheep-skin and coarse woollen, which give them a very fierce appearance. They always carry arms about them, and it is quite common to see one with the following "set out":—Two pistols about two feet long, a gun slung across the back, a long sword, and an ornamented knife about 18 inches long, together with cartridges, which they always carry in small ivory or wooden tubes across the breast, about twenty in number. Only picture what a consternation one of these fellows, six feet high (without shoes), would cause in walking down Brigade. Some of them never saw a steamer before, and made me understand they would like to come on board. I took about a dozen, and showed them over the vessel. They were very intelligent, and wished to know the use of almost everything; but the things that astonished them most were the engines, our water-proof coats, &c., and a revolver, six barrels. In return they took us in the country a few miles, lent us their horses, which are fine Arabians, and never were shod. They also lent us their pistols to fire at a mark with, and showed us many of their tricks, such as picking up a stick when the horses were at full gallop, firing at marks, &c. They perform duty as videttes, similar to the Cossacks, and are first-rate riders.

The French are busy haying; that is to say, they are employing the Circassians in mowing and fetching the hay in the valleys, which they are stacking in the principal square in the town, and intend to remove it to the Crimea in a short time. It is rather singular our commanders have never thought of such a plan in getting supplies, but depend solely and entirely on home supplies. The Turks are, as usual, dirty and idle, and are doing duty in guarding the entrenchments on the land side. They are commanded by a Pachas of one tail, whom I went to pay my respects to yesterday. He is an old, jolly looking fellow, and was very polite; but as I cannot talk Turkish, and he very little French, and no English, we were obliged to part without any conversation or anything else, except eying one another down very well and shaking hands. The only thing I fell in love with about his establishment was a beautiful pipe-stick, eight or nine feet long, which was handsomely mounted with gold, stones, and silver, and his long white beard and moustache.

SARDINIA AND THE WAR.—The King of Sardinia has instituted a new military Order of Knighthood, which is intended exclusively for persons engaged in the present war. It is entitled the "Ordine Militare di Savoia, di Vittorio Emanuele Secondo," and consists of three grades—Grand Cordon, Officer, and Chevalier. Private soldiers are eligible for the rank of Chevalier, which will carry with it a pension of 100*l.* a year, but this order is only to be given for acts of extraordinary merit, and has been instituted solely on account of the order of St. Maurice having been so generally bestowed that his Majesty wished to give his army an especial mark of approbation. The decoration is to be a silver cross of Savoy, with two swords crossways on it.

MARTIAL ENTHUSIASM OF THE ITALIANS.—A letter from Vescelli, in the "Piemonte" of the 6th inst., gives the following:—25 soldiers of a cavalry regiment in garrison in this place being ordered to the East, the entire regiment volunteered, and were greatly disappointed on being refused. Le Chevalier Paolo Balbo, the youngest son of Count Caesar, goes to join the army of the East as a common soldier.

ABDICATION OF SANTA ANNA, THE MEXICAN DICTATOR.

ACCORDING to the New York journals, Santa Anna left the city of Mexico on the 9th ult., with an escort of 2,500 men, and signed his abdication at Perote. He embarked on the 17th at Vera Cruz for Havannah. Two days after he left Mexico, seven or eight hundred of his escort revolted, killing one or two of their officers. They then joined the insurgents.

Delegates met in the city of Mexico on the 10th, in conformity with a request of the Provisional Government, and chose Carrera President for six months. They also obtained the freedom of the press. The statue of Santa Anna was trampled upon by the populace.

All the state prisoners have been liberated. A mob had gutted a large number of houses, including that of Santa Anna's mother-in-law. The military interfered, killing forty persons, and wounding many more.

A fight occurred at Vera Cruz between two revolted battalions and a regiment that remained faithful to Santa Anna. The former were beaten and left for the mountains. Fifteen or twenty were killed before order was restored.

THE advices from San Francisco of July 29, gives the following particulars of the barbarous treatment of forty-two Mexicans:—

"By a gentleman who came passenger in the Golden Gate from Acapulco, where he had spent several weeks past, there are some late and interesting items of news from that region of country. The most important item is, that a week or two before he left, 42 Mexicans, confined in the Castle of Acapulco, were taken out in a clandestine manner by the Alvarez authorities, and shot some miles in the rear of the city. And only two days before he left, some five or six were taken out in the night, and their throats cut. These prisoners were of Santa Anna's party, and refused allegiance to the Alvarez Government. One of them was a man of wealth, and had been a Government officer at Acapulco. Alvarez is represented as living at his rancho, which he does not leave for a moment unless under a strong guard. He issues his orders to his forces, but takes no part in the field."

CALIFORNIA.

THE state of business in San Francisco is said to be most satisfactory. There was more activity towards the end of July than had been witnessed for two years. This has been caused by a general speculation in nearly all descriptions of staple goods. India and China produce and coals have advanced greatly, and there is a general improvement in prices of all merchandise.

Wheat, barley, and oats of the new Californian crop were in the market at improved rates. What with the war in Europe, the drain, in consequence, on the Atlantic breadstuffs, the little attention paid to agriculture in Australia, and the derangements of the same interest in China caused by the revolution, and the consequent short crop of rice, a good export trade in Californian breadstuffs is expected this year.

The miners were on the whole eminently successful. The crime of homicide continued to prevail all over the country to an extent which in any other country than California would be taken as a proof that civil society was completely disorganised. Familiarity with this state of things prevents our being at all alarmed. In the "Homicide Calendar" for June, recently published in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the "total of killed" for the first six months of the present year is set down at 219 persons; and in the same period, "Hung by the sheriff, 2; hung by the mob, 24."

THE SANTALS AND THEIR GREIVANCES.

A NATIVE of Bengal has transmitted to the India Reform Association an account of the somewhat formidable outbreak, of which the following is the substance:—

The Rajmahal hills form the most north-eastern shoulder of the Vindhya mountains, a range extending from about lon. 73.30 E., and lat. 21 in Candish, near the mouths of the Nerubada and Taptree Rivers, to the ghats or mountains running parallel to the Coromandel coast, into which the range eventually merges. The portion called the Rajmahal hills is inhabited with its valleys by hillmen or mountaineers, and a tribe called Santals, vestiges of the Tamulian race.

The hillmen are rarely found dwelling in the plains: they live mostly on the summit of the mountains, pay no rent or tax to government, and cannot, it is said, be induced to cultivate the valleys, on which the government, are declared to have allowed and encouraged the Santals to inhabit those valleys, which have obtained the name of Damineekoh, from the Persian words meaning in the middle of the mountain. The lands so placed are a tract of about 250 miles in circumference in the middle of the hills, marked out by pillars of masonry by way of boundary, to prevent any future misunderstanding with the hillmen.

The Santals speak a language different from the hillmen, or the natives of India, as do the hillmen a language different from both; they are further distinguished by industry and cheerfulness, and a veracity that may shame the Christians. They neither work for nor take service with any one except their own family, and fly the country to erect a log hut and commence a fresh clearance in some impenetrable thicket, if any attempt is made to coerce them in any way.

The tax they paid to government in 1838 amounted to Rs. 2,000 per annum for licence to cultivate the soil, divided amongst 40 villages, containing 3,000 souls. A person not in the service of the East India Company was then appointed to the charge of the district, with power to collect the tax, guarding the interests of government by making further favourable settlements. He raised the Company's tax in thirteen years to nearly 44,000 Rs., with the highest approval of the government, the number of inhabitants having increased to nearly 83,000 souls in all, contained in about 1,500 villages.

It has been the practice for the last year or two for officials, in increasing numbers, to proceed on what is called tours of inspection throughout the country, reporting on the state of the people and the country, and on the character and conduct of officials. These tours are to the people one of the calamities of the season, from the system of purveyance that accompanies them, to facilitate the locomotion and comfort of the functionaries, and a practice of mulcting the inhabitants for subscriptions to so-called purposes of general utility and benevolence.

The taxes of all kinds from the Damineekoh have gone on increasing. Since then the liquor tax has been levied with greater rigour, and the Santals are in some thousands in positive revolt. They avow a determination to have a government, or chief of their own, and to destroy all opposed to them, and are committing murders in all directions. The latest news is, that they have murdered two unoffending ladies, proceeding under protection of the Government post.

It is for the Company to declare the cause of the rising. There is no doubt the rebels asked and called upon all Santals to join them, and have been as yet refused by those subject to the zemindars—that is, native contractors for the land-tax—though the revolt is extending to other parts than the Damineekoh. The Santals subject to native contractors, say they have nothing to complain of that they should rebel. Mr. Halliday, the only chief of the executive of the country now there, seems to have been aware that something like this rising was to be expected. He has severely reprimanded one magistrate for not immediately calling out the military, on the first rumour that the Santals were in a disturbed state, and has, it is said, forwarded a despatch with such particulars as may contribute to his own justification to the directors of the East India Company.

Intimation was brought to one of the magistrates, that the Santals were in a state of disturbance; he immediately sent out every necessary aid for proper inquiry and report, and the next day calls out the military. The report now is, that the cantonment of the troops that have gone out is to be attacked, and there is no one, it is said, to defend it. There is no doubt that there is rebellion in the land, and that it is extending in its action, other parties having joined the rebels, who have proceeded to murder and war to the knife. The conduct of all the authorities in the matter is much censured; they are alleged to be quite cowed into not knowing what to do, from the Government practice of continual interference in everything.

ANOTHER ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

ON the evening of Saturday last, a considerable crowd was assembled in front of the Italian Theatre, Paris, in consequence of the intimation conveyed by the words, "By order," on the bills, that the Emperor would be present to see Madame Ristori's last performance this season. Notwithstanding reiterated orders that a considerable clear space should be kept around the door of any place where the Emperor alights from his carriage, the crowd was allowed on this occasion to press very near to the doors of the theatre. At a quarter to nine o'clock, a court carriage and four horses arrived, which was very naturally supposed to contain the Emperor himself, but in fact there were in it only some of the Empress's ladies of honour. At the moment when the coachman drew up alongside the steps leading to the front door of the theatre, a young man, in a blouse and gray cap, named Camille Edward Dieudonne Bismarck, stepped forward, drew a pistol from his pocket, placed the muzzle almost close to the carriage window, fired, and broke the glass. Immediately afterwards, he raised a second pistol; but as he was in the act of firing, a *sergent de ville* struck his arm down, and the charge entered the ground. An instant later, the man was seized, handcuffed, and lodged in the guard-house of the theatre. The ladies, as they stood on the steps of the doorway, on descending from the carriage, audibly thanked Providence that the Emperor had escaped. About five minutes after this occurrence, the Emperor arrived, and being struck by the sound of unusually loud and prolonged cries of "Vive l'Empereur," inquired the cause. On being told what had happened, His Majesty instantly ordered the coachman to drive all round the theatre. The imperial carriage accordingly, amid the cheering of the public, made the entire circuit of the Place Vendôme before His Majesty alighted. On entering the house, the Emperor said, "Let not a word be said to the Empress, and keep back the telegraphic despatches."

Dr. Conneau was immediately despatched to St. Cloud, where the Empress was, to take care that the first part of this order was obeyed. Before the Emperor reached his box, the news of the event had spread throughout the theatre. The report of the pistols was indeed distinctly heard in the saloon, the windows of which were open, and where a good many people were assembled to see the Emperor arrive. His Majesty was therefore received with great cheering when he appeared in front of the imperial box. A delay of some minutes occurred before the performance commenced. This was ascertained to be occasioned by Madame Ristori having fainted away on hearing what had happened. The idea that the Emperor had run such a risk, by kindly announcing his intention of being present at her farewell, was too much for her.

The assassin was taken to the Prefecture of Police, and examined by the Prefect. The result of the examination, as well as his previous history, prove beyond a doubt that he is a maniac. He is said to be about 22 years of age, and is a native of Rouen. At the age of 16 he was employed as a shopboy by a tradesman of that city; he committed thefts, was arrested, tried for swindling, and sentenced by the Police Correctionnelle of that place to two years' imprisonment. After six months' detention, the remainder of his punishment was remitted by order of the Emperor, then President of the Republic, on the ground of his extreme youth. He then came to Paris, where he got occasional employment as a messenger. On the occasion of the disturbances following the *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, 1851, he took part, or, at least, says he took part, with those who fought at the great barricade of the Rue de Rambuteau on the 4th. On the following day there were observed, on the walls of several houses in the same street and the adjoining ones, placards posted up, entitled "Motifs de la Condamnation à Mort de Louis Napoleon Bonaparte." They were taken down by the police, and searches made after the author—the placards being anonymous. In the course of the inquiry, Bellemarre came forward and avowed himself the author. He was thereupon taken into custody once more, handed over to the judicial authorities on a charge of political offence, tried at the Police Correctionnelle, and, being found guilty on his own admission of excitement to hatred among the citizens, &c., was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in a fortress. He was sent to Belle Isle as a political offender. His term of punishment expired in January last, and he returned to Paris in February, but under an assumed name. He soon obtained employment in the office of a *huissier*, or sheriff's officer, and was employed to carry messages, and occasionally to copy letters, at a salary of about 85f. per month. In this employment he continued until about twelve days ago, when he disappeared.

The cause of Bellemarre's mistaking the carriage which contained the ladies of honour is worth being noticed. An old man who served as a soldier under the Consulate and the first Empire, and on whom the present Emperor has bestowed a pension of 1,000f., happened to be standing on the pathway at the moment the carriage drove up, conversing with the *tapissier* of the theatre, whose wife and children were present. The old man in question is so enthusiastic a partisan of all who bear the name of Bonaparte, and particularly of Napoleon III., that the very sight of the livery of the Imperial household drives him into transports of joy. Wherever the Emperor is expected there he plants himself for hours, and waits with the most exemplary patience under all kinds of weather until he gratifies himself by a sight of his benefactor. He happened to be standing quite close to Bellemarre when the carriage drove up. At once he began shouting with all his might and main, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" and his friend the *tapissier*, and his wife and children, joined in the chorus. It was at that instant that Bellemarre stepped forward hastily; his movement was observed by the *sergens de ville*, who, as already stated, struck down his arms. The pistols were small pocket ones, and no trace of the balls has been discovered, though they were distinctly heard by the ladies in the carriage, as well as by other persons standing near. In ten minutes after the occurrence the Emperor drove up. The news had spread like wildfire.

Bellemarre is about the middle height, or perhaps somewhat under. He is slight in person, and his complexion pale and very scrofulous; his face is common, even ignoble, his lips thick, eyes dark and small, and he has long suffered from a severe rupture. He was rather well than ill dressed when arrested. When he was liberated from Belle Isle, in January last, the Governor of the prison wrote to the authorities that Bellemarre was deranged in his intellect; that he had the monomania of crime; and that he ought to be taken care of as a dangerous maniac, who, he was given to understand by his fellow prisoners, had sworn to attempt the life of the Emperor. Bellemarre used to boast that he in his single person was the accuser, the witness, and the judge of Louis Napoleon; that he had tried and condemned him, and that he should be his executioner. His fellow prisoners, who disliked him, were wont to turn him into ridicule, and he himself admitted on Saturday last that he was considered by them as a madman.

During his examination he fully avowed what he had done, what he had meant to do, and emphatically repudiated the idea that he had accomplices. It appears, however, that at least one associate has been discovered in a person named Lange, who, if Bellemarre can be believed, was the person who supplied him with the powder, and who even loaded the pistols. Lange has been discovered, after a good deal of trouble, and is now in custody. He is a bootmaker by trade.

The opinion of all who heard Bellemarre examined is, that he is a monomaniac. He was on Sunday transferred to the prison of the Conciergerie, where no one is allowed to communicate with him.

PRINCE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE IN ENGLAND.—His Imperial Majesty's yacht Ariel, which left Cherbourg at three o'clock on Tuesday morning, arrived at Plymouth at seven the same evening, having on board Prince Napoleon and suite. Orders had been given to receive the Prince with the usual salutes, but the time of his arrival precluded this mark of attention. It is stated to be the intention of the Prince to visit several English ports.

ABD-EL-KADER.—This Oriental prince still suffers exceedingly from cholera. He refuses to lie in a bed, and remains extended on the ground, with his head resting against the wall. He refuses to follow the prescriptions of his medical attendants, and replies to all their representations by the well-known phrase of the Mahometans, "If I am to die I must die, for so it is written." He takes a little chicken broth from time to time, and that is all. He talks of leaving for Paris whenever he can by possibility support the journey.

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC BY AN ETON BOY SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Chamonix, Aug. 18, 1855.

HEARD (a young American) and myself arrived here on Monday evening, and took a long walk on Tuesday morning, or rather on Tuesday, for we were twelve hours on our feet. Our guides declared that such a walk had never been made here before, which rather raised our estimation of ourselves and our powers of walking. On Wednesday we walked to a beautiful spot called the Jardin, in the midst of the Glaciers, and surrounded by all the highest peaks of the Alps.

I had thought the way there was difficult, and you may imagine I was rather astonished at the arrival of a French lady with her husband about an hour after us. She, as a matter of necessity, was dressed in the same manner as her husband, which greatly facilitated her movements. We dined up at this lovely spot, and very well too. Knives and forks were scarce, and chickens were devoured much in the same way as they are at Eton on election Saturday or 4th of June. Neither, to make the simile complete, was champagne wanting, as the French lady and gentleman had some, of which they gave us a good share.

Well, we were rather more than 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, and old Mont Blanc was only 6,000 feet above us, a very little thing where the heights are so great, and he looked smaller than he really was. The beauty of the scenery, the champagne, &c., so exhilarated my spirits, that I told Heard that I was going to start next day for the summit of the "monarch of mountains," and as you had told me to keep my eyes open and see everything whilst I was abroad, I thought I might as well see as much as I could at a glance. Deeds soon followed my thoughts; I told the guides my intention; and from that moment it was a settled thing, and we returned immediately and took a cold bath, in order to prepare us for the next day's fatigues.

Fortunately for us, we had made the acquaintance of a very nice old man here, who, some years ago, was the best guide in the place, but has now retired. This man, simply out of kindness, and for no recompense whatever, arranged everything for us; and when we left Chamonix, on Thursday morning (16th inst.), it was with the best arranged party possible. This was soon increased by the arrival of two volunteers, who had heard of our good auspices. One of them, a sturdy butcher, amused us all the way by his tricks and utter carelessness of danger. In the descent that fellow would slide some hundred yards down a bank of snow, in defiance of the shouts of the guides, and stop himself just on the edge of a crevasse. A very different object is he this morning. I saw him when he came to get us to sign a certificate of his having been up. He had no veil or spectacles yesterday, things indispensable even to the guides, and his face was most dreadfully burnt, and he could not see out of his eyes.

Well, to come back to the point: we arrived at the Grands Mulets so much sooner than usual that no one was looking out for us at Chamonix, and they did not give us the customary salute. This was a good beginning, I thought, at any rate. On Friday morning we started, at 2.30 a.m., from the Grands Mulets, and after seven hours' walking arrived at the summit of the highest mountain in Europe, at 9.20 precisely—not without difficulty, I can assure you.

Two of our guides were unable to reach the top, one being so blinded by the snow that he was obliged to be hauled along by the other, as it was quite unsafe to leave him among the crevasses alone. We two reached the summit, although I, for one, hardly knew I was there; as when once one lost one's breath up at that height it was a long time before we could get it again. I was assisted slightly the last quarter of an hour, as I had been especially advised to be so, and arrived up there as hearty as any of them; and oh! how happy I was when I got a good swig of champagne, as I was half dead of thirst; and I am sorry to say that in my hurry to drink it I quite forgot the health of the Queen.

We arrived up at 9.20, stayed there half an hour, and were down again at the Grands Mulets at 12.45; without hurrying the least. We started about 1.45, stopped on the road at the usual place to treat our guides, and arrived at Chamonix at half-past 5, quite fresh, to the astonishment of every one. We were so early that nobody expected us, but nevertheless we met several people on the way to meet us; and when we came into the town, instead of the usual number of guns, they fired a salute of twelve, and the whole place turned out to have a look at the "little boys" who had been up Mont Blanc.

The people who had been watching us with telescopes all day were astonished at the rapidity of our ascent, and the way we came down, all together, in single file, just as we had gone up, for nobody wanted assistance. The only one who ever broke the line was the butcher, and everyone wanted to know who it was that kept going like lightning over the precipices.

KYRIE ALFRED CHAPMAN.

SIR GEORGE BROWN.—While Sebastopol is falling into the hands of the Allies, this hero of the Alma is on a visit to his brother, Peter Brown, Esq., of Linkwood, Morayshire. The gallant soldier is a son of one of the former provosts of the burgh of Elgin, and was a pupil at the old grammar school there.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—The Peel statue, inaugurated a few days ago at Birmingham, remains unpaid for; indeed, not half the required sum has yet been subscribed. When the commission was entrusted to Mr. Hollins, it was stipulated that he should receive 2,000 guineas, but the efforts of the committee have failed to obtain a larger subscription than £900, and the sculptor is thus more than £1,000 out of pocket.

EXTENSIVE FIRE AT LAMBETH.—A fire broke out at one o'clock last Tuesday morning, in the premises of Messrs. Baker and Co., builders, Palace Road, Lambeth. At two o'clock it seemed as if the whole neighbourhood would fall a prey to the flames. At three the firemen succeeded in checking the progress of the fire, although there was still great danger of its spreading. A workman received a fearful wound in the left leg, from a box of tools thrown out of a window. He was conveyed to Westminster Hospital. The premises of Messrs. Baker are destroyed.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF BARBADOS.—Sir William Molesworth, in his capacity of Secretary of State, has appointed Mr. Hincks, ex-minister of Canada, and an influential member of the Canadian legislature, to the Governorship of Barbados. Mr. Hincks, it appears, is a native of Ireland, who has been settled for some years in Canada, where he conducted a Liberal newspaper with some success. He was elected a member of the Provincial Parliament, and became distinguished for his financial abilities. He acquired no little fame by his correspondence with and against Sir C. Trevelyan on colonial finances.

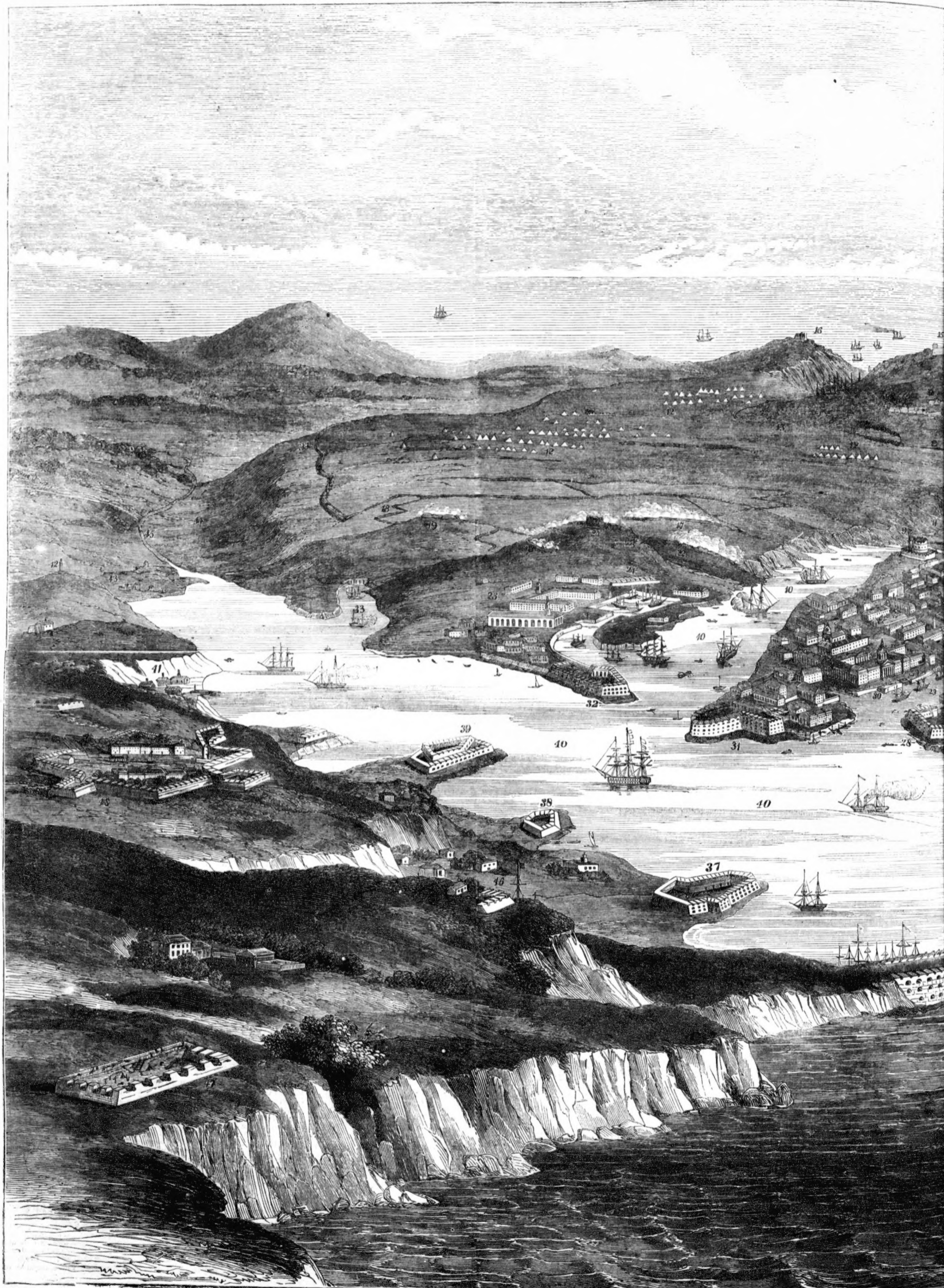
ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL, NEW CROSS.—In order to accommodate the candidates awaiting admission to this school, a new dormitory has been opened, so as to extend the number of pupils, at Michaelmas next, to 250, of whom upwards of 200 are the sons of naval and marine officers.

THE FOREIGN LEGION.—Her Majesty has been pleased to sanction the alteration of the appellation of "Foreign Legion" to that of the "British German Legion," a proper compliment to the discipline and efficiency of the Shorncliffe force.

THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH PAINTINGS IN FALL MALL.—On Saturday last this very charming collection of paintings closed for the season. The interest caused by the masterly work of Mlle. Bonheur—the "Horse Fair"—increased hourly from the first moment of its being exhibited; as many as six or eight hundred persons congregating daily in the Gallery in Fall Mall to do homage to the genius of the fair artist. It is gratifying to have to record that the very high honour of a flattering communication from the Queen has been conferred upon Mlle. Bonheur, at the moment of her fine performance being removed from London. The Queen sent for the picture a few days since to Buckingham Palace, whence it was returned to the Gallery with a letter from Colonel Biddulph, in which that gentleman stated that he was commanded to present her Majesty's compliments and thanks to Mlle. Bonheur for the opportunity afforded her of inspecting Mlle. Bonheur's "magnificent picture." The whole collection, including the last-named celebrated work, will be immediately transferred to Glasgow, where the exhibition will be opened on the 12th.

THE POPE AND THE CONVICTS.—One day, towards the close of last month, as the Pope was walking near the Cavaleggi gate, he met a number of convicts who were being conveyed to the bagnos at Civita Vecchia; they were tightly bound, and thrust into a narrow cart, and, it was evident, suffered greatly from the jolting of the vehicle. The Pope was much affected, and he cried out to a priest who accompanied him—"What is that the way in which prisoners are conveyed?" Next day his Holiness gave orders that cellular vans, like those used in France and England, should be constructed for the conveyance of prisoners.

AMERICAN AGGRESSION.—It appears that M. Soule, the ardent annexionist, despairing of a successful attack upon Cuba, seeks to induce the great Transatlantic Republic to take advantage of the disorganised state of Mexico to annex the peninsula of Yucatan.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE FORTIFICATIONS,
TAKEN FROM THE

1. Cape Chersonesus.
2. Kazatch Bay.
3. Kamiesch Bay, the French port for transports.
4. The French Camp.

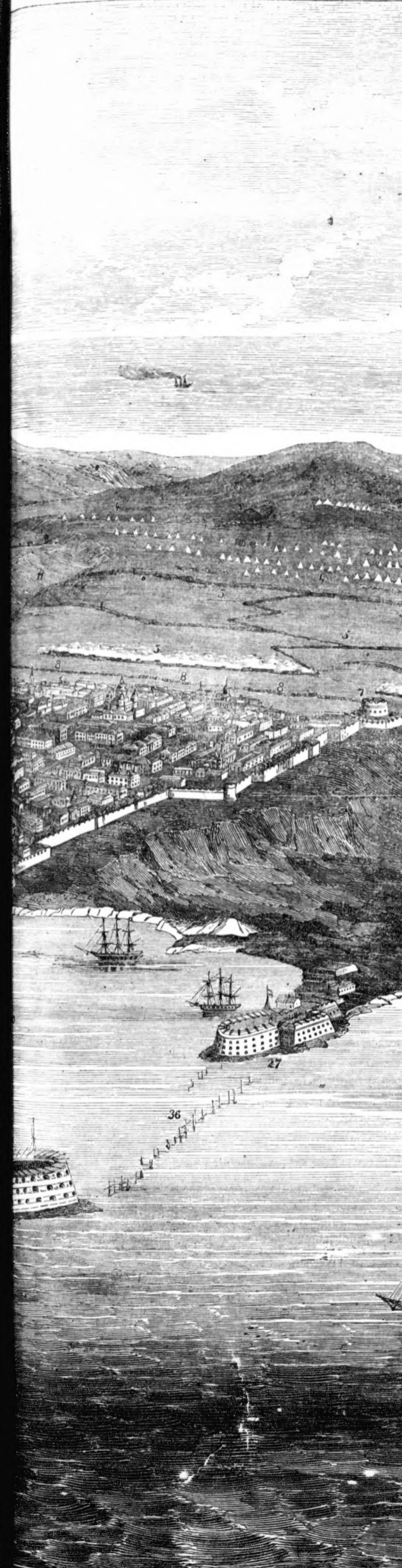
5. French Parallels and Batteries.
6. Cemetery.
7. Round Tower Battery.
8. Abattis before the South Wall of Sebastopol.

9. Flagstaff Battery.
10. The Commercial Harbour.
11. The great Ravine that separates the French and English Camps.
12. The English Camp.

13. The Railway.
14. Village of Kadikoi.
15. Monastery of St. George.
16. Genoese Fort at Balaklava.
17. English Battery before the Redan.

18. French Works leading to the Mamelon.
19. The Mamelon.
20. The French Works before the Malakhoff.
21. The Malakhoff Tower and Fort.
22. The Redan.

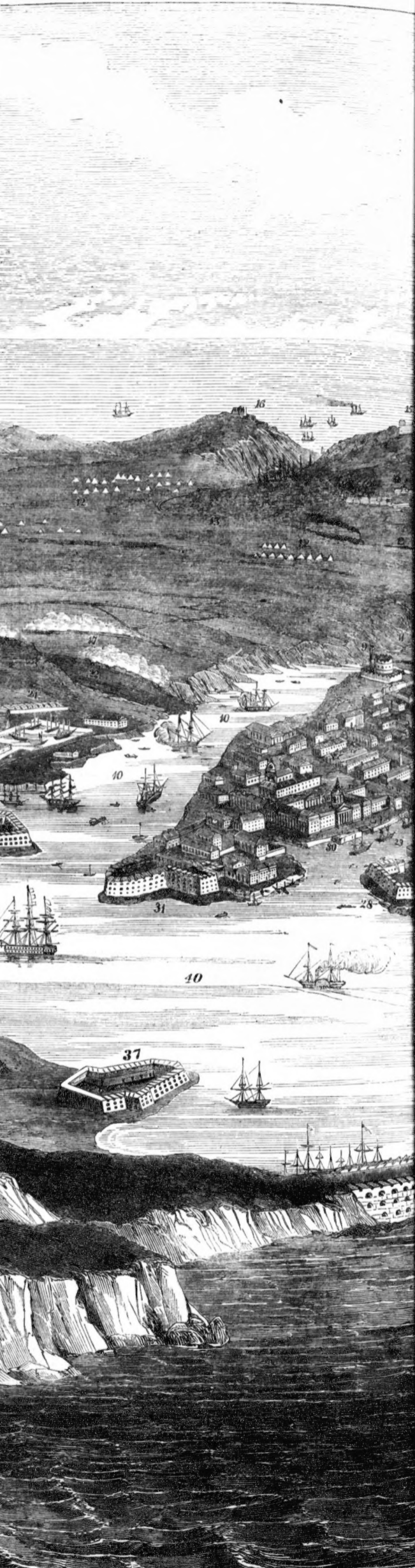
23. The Suburb of Karabelnaia, including Barracks, Hospital, Docks, &c.
24. The Barrack Battery.
25. Quarantine Bay.
26. Quarantine Fort—50 Guns.



TOWN, AND HARBOUR OF SE
NORTH SIDE.

27. Fort Alexander—90 Guns.
28. Battery at the lower end of the Wall—60 Guns.
29. Artillery Bay.
30. The Arsenal.

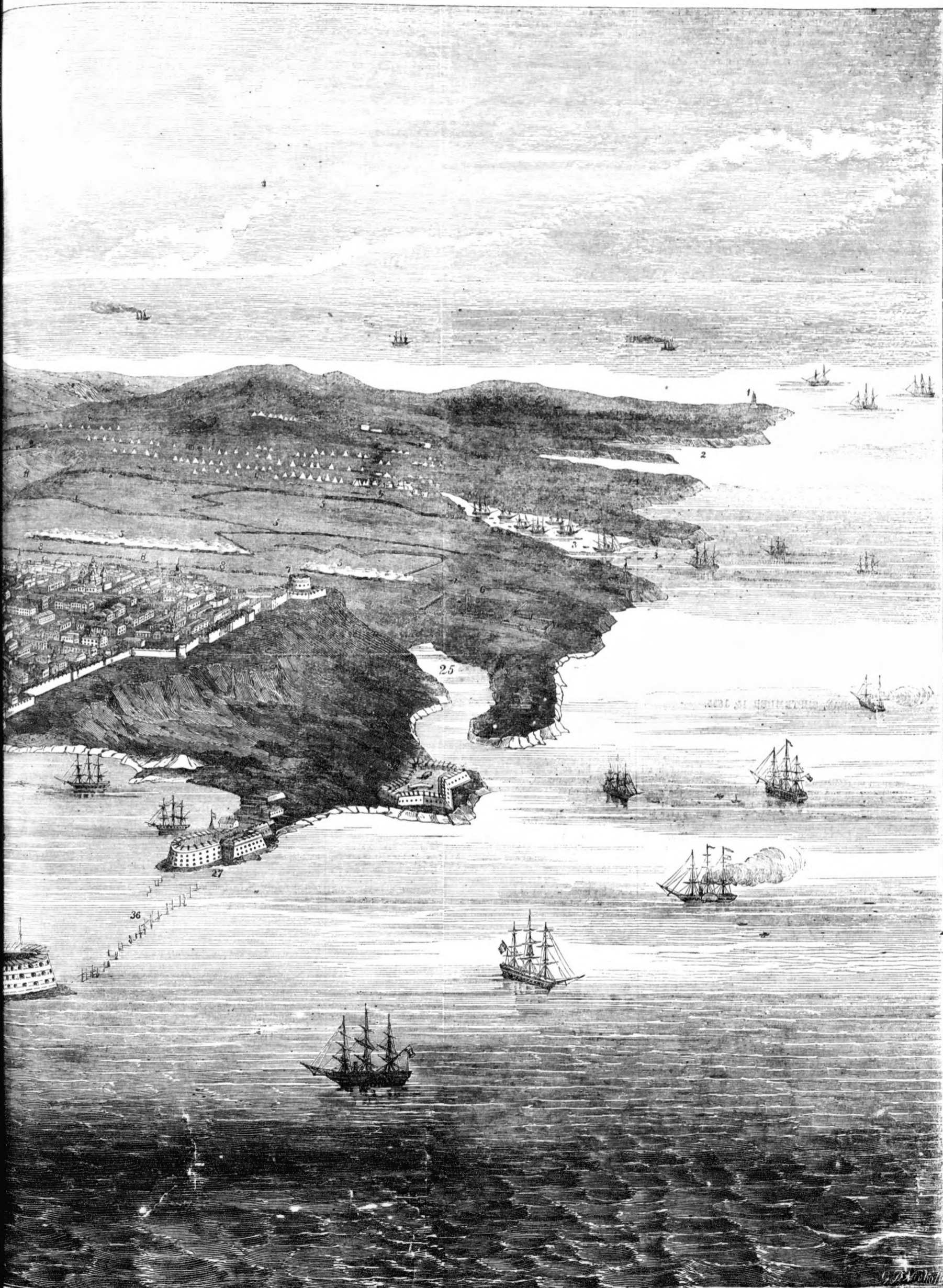
31. Fort Nicholas—120 Guns.
32. Fort Paul—80 Guns.
33. Careening Bay, with Steamer defending the Malakhoff.
34. The spot where the Battle of Inkermann.



VIEW OF THE FORTIFICATIONS,
TAKEN FROM THE

French Works leading to the Mamelon.
The Mamelon.
The French Works before the Malakhoff.
The Malakhoff Tower and Fort.
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TOWN, AND HARBOUR OF SEBASTOPOL.
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29. Artillery Bay.
30. The Arsenal.

31. Fort Nicholas—120 Guns.
32. Fort Paul—80 Guns.
33. Careening Bay, with Steamer defending
the Malakhoff.
34. The spot where the Battle of Inkermann
took place, showing the English
Defences formed after the battle.

35. Fort Constantine—110 Guns.
36. Sunken ships and Boom blocking
up the entrance to the Harbour.

37. Fort Catherine.
38. Small Battery, guarding the entrance
to the North Ravine, called Severnaia.
39. Soukia Fortress—50 Guns.
40. The Harbour of Sebastopol.

41. White Cliff and Navy Bakehouses.
42. Inkermann Light-house.
43. Ruins of Inkermann.
44. Valley of Inkermann.
45. River Tchernaya.

46. Telegraph Battery.
47. Wasp Fort.
48. The Star Fortress, or Citadel, con-
taining Barracks for 5,000 men,
a Church, and other buildings.

SEBASTOPOL.

SEBASTOPOL, the south side of which is now destroyed, was the grand Russian naval arsenal in the Black Sea. It is situated on the south-west coast of the Crimea, at almost equal distances from the Danube and from Sinope. The town of Sebastopol is built on a hill of chalk, sloping towards the water; the rear of the town is about 240 feet above the level of the sea. The Military Harbour runs through the centre of the city. On its western side are the churches, Armenian Church, Cathedral, public buildings, commercial depots, and military hospital; the principal street is of considerable breadth, and nearly all the streets are formed at right angles. The Telegraph Station communicated directly with Kherson on the main land, and from thence to St. Petersburg; in fine weather a despatch could be sent to St. Petersburg in nine hours.

Before the war, Sebastopol was badly defended on the land side. From the north of the Sebastopol Battery a loop-hole wall ran along the western side, and terminated in a large round tower and battery. This wall had since been strengthened and armed, a deep ditch cut along its front, and the tower and wall mounted with guns. Strong batteries had also been thrown up at the back of Fort Sebastopol, to cover the ground between the wall and the Quarantine Harbour. The wall was likewise continued by a strong earthen rampart, and a wall and ditch made, encircling the southern part of the town, and terminating at the Military Harbour. At the extreme south of the town, a large tower called the Flag Staff, or Mat Battery, has been built. The French attack extended from the Quarantine Harbour (including the Cemetery Battery) to the edge of the ravine which divided the French and English approaches, and to Inkermann on the extreme right.

On the eastern side of the military harbour are the docks. These docks are the work of Colonel Upton, an Englishman, and the pupil of Telford. They are supplied with water by a canal on the south shore of the inlet fed by the Tchernaya. Adjoining are the large barracks, the hospital, and the Karabelnaia Suburb, the residence of the sailors and the people employed at the public works. This part of Sebastopol was defended on the land side by the Malakhoff Tower and Battery, the Redan Battery, the Barrack Battery, and by a detached earthen wall strongly armed.

A deep ravine runs down from the central plateau to the military harbour, dividing the French and English attacks; on the side of the ravine, are the ruined cooking places of the Russian soldiers, called the Ovens. The English attack commenced in this ravine, and extended to the Tchernaya.

The harbour of Sebastopol, from Fort Constantine to the mouth of the Tchernaya, is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long; the breadth from Cape Alexander to Fort Constantine, 1,050 yards; from the projecting point of Cape Nicholas, at the extremity of the town of Sebastopol, to the northern shores, 1,100 yards.

On the western side is the Fort of Sebastopol, a strong work on an elevated crest, mounting 87 guns; at the bottom of the harbour is the arsenal; the shores surrounded with buildings, forming a part of the city of Sebastopol. On the eastern side is the Fort Nicholas Battery of 192 guns in three tiers, defending, not only the front of the town of Sebastopol, but one side of the entrance into the military harbour, which runs nearly two miles to the south, and is 400 yards wide; here the Russian fleet was anchored. On the eastern side of the Military Harbour are the docks, barracks, and ordnance storehouses.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1855.

STATE OF EUROPE.

WE must accept it as one of the regular characteristics of WAR that the stability of institutions and the comfort of peoples should be somewhat severely tried. In war times nations require able men and good harvests. A general excitement is diffused through all classes—a spirit of restlessness and enterprise spreads itself,—ambitious and daring men find or make opportunities,—and the great pulse of the world beats more highly than at ordinary times. It may not be out of place to cast a glance of some boldness over the wide surface of Europe, and to endeavour to mark what is newest and most significant in the points it presents for observation.—We sometimes think that a Notice to Political Mariners (such as the Trinity House issues) would be a valuable document,—noting what old lights have been removed,—where new ones have been established,—what anchorages have become less safe,—and what new shoals have made their appearance.

At home, our political condition is for the present tranquil. We have “used-up” half-a-dozen of our leading statesmen, who are quiet whether they like it or not,—simply because they have no opportunity of making a disturbance. Parties are broken up into sections,—and as yet the particles do not feel each other's attraction or coalesce into bodies of any magnitude. It is said that Lord John,—whose talents are peculiarly those of an intriguer, and whose knowledge of party-manceuvring is excellent,—is forming a combination with the Peelites and Manchester. The design, of course, would be to use those minor parties for the service of the Whig aristocracy,—just as sometimes the Dissenters—sometimes O'Connell—have been used in the same way,—the said minor parties always getting the mouse's share of the profits and the lion's share of the disgrace. But the country will listen to nothing till the war is over,—and the splendid news from Sebastopol has roused it from its recent temporary languor, and filled it with good spirit and good humour. Palmerston is a very lucky man, and has been on the safe side of the hedge, all his life. His government will not be easily shaken just now. After all, if it be by an accident that Sebastopol has fallen during his rule—the accident is a lucky one. Before he came to power, things went on floundering from bad to worse. He will now be able either to push our advantage, or to treat for peace with something substantial to go upon. After this has been done, it will be time for Lord John to try and come in again as an Administrative Reformer, and to point out the necessity of a new Reform Bill,—and for us to tell him that if he really wishes to improve our administration, he can do so most effectually by keeping entirely out of it. As for the Conservatives—they themselves profess to hope but little. Their most active leader, Lord Stanley, is wisely devoting himself to social improvement. The party, as a party, is in a very poor state; it has not got its proper ally, the Church, and it loses its hold on opinion by neglecting the Press. The Chartists, again, are disorganised, and have no leading idea at present but a vague hatred of the middle classes; they have just accompanied their last notability to the grave of a pauper lunatic. The Irish party is extinct. Mr. Gavan Duffy, its leader, emigrates shortly in despair—a pure-hearted enthusiast, respected by the enemies of his principles.

While principles and ideas are floating about, embodied in isolated persons, and knots of persons—and the political world is a world of atoms, uncombined, vague, jarring,—one turns with satisfaction to the great material facts of life, with their refreshing reality. The crops are good. There is employment for labour. A fine autumn is probable. But at the same time there is a distinct increase in the price of the necessities of life. Bread becomes dearer, as do tea, sugar, candles, and other articles of primary necessity. The enormous expenses of the war—though talked about vaguely—have not yet been fairly looked in the face. It is not during a war that the worst consequences of its expense are apparent; and we must not forget the miserable years which followed after the peace of '15. The stress of public attention once taken off sieges and battles—with that predisposition to excitement which these events produce,—would turn at once to internal condition, and social pressure would immediately produce political disturbance. Then,—where would be that unity of sentiment which now contributes to make government stable? Then, too, we should acutely feel the effects of that vague and bodiless state of public principles of which we have spoken,—for no party would be strong enough and definite enough in its views, to meet the crisis.

The state of France is very peculiar, and involves high and delicate considerations. We have never joined in the sickening adulation of the Emperor of the French—which is the fashion in some quarters. We are grateful for his alliance, and proud of his troops. But those who treat him as an Augustus, and look to his dynasty as a permanent institution, are a little too hasty. Like all re-actions, this re-action in favour of Imperialism is over-done. The first Emperor—the Caesar—is a moral necessity, and a national benefit. But Imperialism, as a system, is one long national decline. It exists for the protection of property, and this and certain economical matters—the improvement of cities and so forth,—it secures. But it can only exist by the suppression and decay of all the original forces of a nation's life,—its genius, its independent action, its freedom. If the French nation is exhausted, why the Imperial system will be perpetual, of course. The nation will go the way of the Romans. Social morality withers,—for men of high feeling will not marry to breed-slaves. The arts decline—for men of real genius will not stoop to sycophancy, nor vie for favour with mimics and buffoons. The ministers of religion make their office subordinate to the system. The people are at once debased and amused. All the cunning—all the servile—all the greedy—cling to the skirts of the vast imposture, and make it their trade to administer its details. The nation rots. Such is the history,—well known to those who have studied the literature of Rome. Who dares to predict the destiny for the high-spirited, intellectual people of France!

At best, then, we cannot look on Napoleon's government as anything but a temporary expedient. As far as he personally goes, we see no reason to call him a bad specimen of a despot. It would be unjust and ungenerous. But we are now taking a wide view. His government is dissevered from the best intellectual and best social life of France. It is supported, mainly, by soldiers and bores,—if by classes above these, only because it maintains “order,”—a kind of welcome lull after sixty or seventy years of passionate, perilous, and unquiet life. He must always be on the watch,—and this, *avant tout*,—to protect himself and his crown. His very life is not safe. This last assassin was a “manic.” Probably. But how is it that his mania took the form of a wish to destroy the life of the Emperor!

The war, no doubt, has a tendency to strengthen the Emperor's popularity,—owing his crown, as he does, to a military tradition. Besides which, it will strengthen the influence and power of the army all over Europe, and all armies are conservative by nature. The gradual increase of standing armies, everywhere, would seem to be paving the way for Imperialism, permanently, in modern nations; but it is not easy in an age of printing to isolate masses of men from their fellows.

The German Powers are by position and connection, all more or less under Russian influence. Austria has had the advantage of us through her superior diplomacy, and has substantially served the Czar by her neutrality. But her Italian possessions are her weak side,—and on this Palmerston is attacking her. The “Italian Legion” has vexed the innermost chambers of the palace of Vienna, and the thought of it no doubt pursues the young monarch to the shades of the beautiful Ischl. The pressure of Russia on his court is now said to be very great,—and the activity of Russian diplomatists incessant. The Austrians hold themselves in readiness to act with vigour in Italy in case of any rising. At the same time, it is certain that the Emperor of Austria has given up “Bomba” as incorrigible,—as “too bad.” That wretched creature seems determined to destroy his monarchy, or at least to be tainted with that form of insanity which the possession of absolute power so frequently produces in men of weak heads. French and English intervention is spoken of as probable. The prospects of Italy are of the darkest character. The power of the Austrians is immense. The priests—like modern priests generally—are on the side of power—whether French, Austrian, or native,—while the intellectual and aspiring men are impetuous mysteries, or barren Voltairians. However, then, Italy may be used by our cold-hearted scheming politicians, when to use it is serviceable, we have no faith in the sincerity of Palmerston's Italian liberalism,—nor do we believe that the English people would support what our hot-headed republican friends call “raising Italy,” generally. “Raising Italy” means interminable war in Europe for no definite purpose. The threat of it may be serviceable as a thumb-screw for Austria; but once make the present war a war between Conservatives and Republicans—(which it might easily develop into, as several active personages have hoped it would, all along)—and we may give up any hope of peace, for this generation at least. Meanwhile, we are not sorry to see old abuses rotting of themselves and by the operation of natural laws;—we are not sorry to see the Papacy despised in Sardinia and disturbed in Spain.

The King of Prussia's health, we believe, gives no probability of his surviving long. His death would cause infinite vexation to the agents of Russia, who believe the cause of their diplomacy bound up with him. Negotiations have been going on with him on the part of Austria and Russia, but till his health takes a decided turn one way or the other, we expect no definite acts of importance from his government. The political action of the immense Germanic population, one of the greatest races, in many ways, that the world ever saw, is now in the hands of some dozens of ordinary potentates and their counselors, all so distrustful of their abilities that they shrink from entering into a war against the great threatener of the world, for fear of their own subjects.

It remains to be seen, what impression the fall of Sebastopol will have upon the disturbed and uncertain politics of Europe. It ought to unite us at home, and strengthen us abroad. It gives us, at least, an opportunity of renewing negotiations on a really honourable foundation, or continuing the war with the zeal of fresh hope, and flushed by conquest.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

WELL, sir, it is done! At last we raise our heads and crow, and look up at the thick-lettered placards stuck up outside the newspaper offices without fear and trembling! Monday morning was not all sunshine; true, the Allies had possession of the Malakhoff, but we read that the capture had been effected by the French, and the passage about the English attack on the Redan having been “not successful” was ominous. We were delighted at the discomfiture of the enemy, but could not feel very proud of our own share of glory. Jenkins was in great force when I went to luncheon! (By the way, I often go to luncheon; they don't charge for “table” before four o'clock, and I get a chop and as much of the club beer as I can drink for sixpence!) There Jenkins stood erect on the rug before the coal-room fireplace, now guileless of coal, and gaily stuffed with gilt slavings, the “Times” in his hand, the “Daily News” under his arm, and the “Herald,” “Post,” and “Advertiser,” spread on the table before him; and on my entrance he saluted me grimly. All had come to pass as he had predicted, he said; English prestige was gone for ever; foreigners, sir, foreigners had been first in the breach, while we had been repulsed! I simpered, and tried to soothe him, though all in vain! It was not “till the drums beat at dead of night,” or, rather, until bells rang in the evening, that the scene was changed. Five real live members—so many never were seen together before at this time of year—assembled in the newsroom, and fought for the evening papers. It certainly was a great night! The streets were thronged with people—all classes, even down to the street boys, seemed elate with the news, and anxious to hear full particulars. Small knots gathered round the lamps, listening to the slow and troubled reading of some better educated member of the party, who mouthed out the telegraphic despatch from a damp copy of the “Globe,” with a full sense of his own importance. In my peregrinations, I made a discovery, and that is, that let any tidings arrive, whether good or ill, the publicans are sure to be the gainers by it. Anxiety of any sort generates thirst. At the news of a repulse, people drink to keep up their spirits, and, hearing of a victory, drink again in honour of our success. On Monday night, the public-houses were crammed, and the “standings” that went on were tremendous. The general feeling was and is, that our end is gained, that the Russians will not be able to hold out on the north side against the fire from the fleet, and against the misery, starvation, and disease, with which they have so long struggled. There is but one thought to alloy our joy, and that is, that at present we know nothing of our loss, beyond that it was considerable. There are thousands of anxious hearts now awaiting for the next despatch, and of those thousands, how many will be plunged in the deepest grief when the despatch is published!

Our home news is not much. In political circles, men are talking over the rumoured retirement of the Speaker, and wondering who is to succeed him. The favourites appear to be Sir George Grey, Mr. Stuart Wortley, and Mr. Walpole, each of whom has his particular supporters; but from all I hear I much doubt whether the appointment will be vacant, at all events until after next session. The present Speaker is so well liked and so much appreciated by all parties in the House, that they will doubtless retain his services until the latest possible period. A long and weary correspondence between Sir Charles Napier and Sir James Graham has been published in the daily papers. We do not gain much from these letters; they have now assumed almost entirely a personal character, as the nation at large has forgotten, or tried to forget, our last year's fiasco in the Baltic; and these Napiers, knowing they possess the knack of letter writing, will never cry, “Hold! enough.”

That poor mistaken man, Mr. Feargus O'Connor, is no more. Though heavily pressed by personal and pecuniary misfortune, and separated by both from the working classes, in whose service I really believe he imagined he was labouring, he was not it appears forgotten. A large concourse of people attended his funeral on Monday, and listened with much respectful attention to an oration pronounced over his grave by the Secretary of the Chartist Association.

Should I ever be employed in the diplomatic service, and I have a strong notion that diplomacy is my forte, (I think you will agree to this, oh Editor, when you reflect upon the skilful manner in which I have often drawn my salary in advance!) before accepting an appointment, I shall take particular care to make one special and searching inquiry, viz., as to what is the quality of the beer drunk at the mission to which I am sent. Had poor Mr. Croons possessed this caution, he might still have had the honour of being a contractor to the Australian Government. But Croons—in, I conclude, the heat and folly of youth—dared when at a ball to remark upon the quality of the malt supplied to his guests by his Excellency Sir Charles Hotham, Governor of Victoria. Croons, unprovided with the siniple, but efficacious carbonate of soda, upon tasting his beer at the supper-table, ejaculated “Oh, Lord!” and clapping his hands upon his “external coating” (whatever that may be) hurried from the room in a recumbent position and in an unseemly manner.

Now, this is all easily perceived by the practised eye. “Croons was the “funny man” of Victoria, the “wag” of slow young men, the “agreeable rattle” of semi-convict-bred young ladies; and, doubtless, thought that by this little judicious clownery, he would add to his reputation as a farceur. But the eye of a policeman was on Mr. Merriman—I mean Croons; his conduct was reported at head quarters, and the end of the joke was, that he was dismissed from his post as Government contractor; the official letter informing him that in his position it was his duty to approve and uphold, not make game of, all articles provided under contract to the Government. This is queer reasoning. I wonder what Sir Samuel Peto would have said, if, on dining some years ago with the First Lord of the Admiralty, he had been offered some of Mr. Goldner's preserved meats, or if his horses had been regaled on some of the celebrated musty hay and dead lamb which was furnished by that celebrated gentleman down in Essex.

Of literary news there is scarcely any. No new books are announced, and the articles in the Magazines, when not on war topics, are on Tennyson's “Maud.” Many and various are, of course, the opinions expressed. “Fraser” pleasant and eulogistic, “Tait” sharp and genial, “Blackwood” slashing and venomous. The reviewers generally have confined themselves to “Maud” and the “Charge of the Light Brigade,” and have said little or nothing about the idyll of “The Brook,” to my thinking the gem of the volume.

Public amusements are dull. At the Haymarket there is a new comedy by Mr. Stirling Coyne, which certainly does not rise above mediocrity, and is not rendered funny by the farcical introduction of a speaking doll. The Adelphi is doing good business with a revival of “Victorine,” which is very attractive and pleasant to those who did not see it in the old days; and Mr. Phelps has recommenced his legitimate season at Sadler's Wells. Mr. Albert Smith closes to-night, and starts at once for Chamonix, intending to re-open his entertainment in December, with some sketches of character from the Paris Exhibition added to the present matter. Mr. Gordon Cumming, the mighty Nimrod, is lecturing nightly about lion-hunting in Africa, and astonishing cockney sportsmen by his marvels.

Ah! by the way, before I finish, here is the last story about Strahan, Paul, and Co. It is said that on the Saturday before the fatal Monday of disclosure, the partners were together in the banking parlour, utterly prostrated, for they had been through their books, and saw there was no longer a chance of concealment. Suddenly one of them put on his hat and was leaving the room, when he was asked where he was going. “Only to get my hair cut!” he replied. “Save your sixpence, my friend,” said the other, “we shall soon have that done at the expense of the county!”

THE NEW PROFESSORSHIP IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.—The Government, desirous to render the collections of the new Industrial Museum for Scotland useful to the students of the University, had determined to appoint Dr. George Wilson, the director of the Museum, Regius Professor of Technology, or of the applications of science to the useful or economic arts. Dr. Wilson has, it is said, now received the Queen's commission, and during the coming University session, he will deliver lectures on glass making, porcelain, dyeing, tanning, paper making, colour making, and indeed all the applications of physical science to the strictly utilitarian purposes of life. It is expected that special lectures will be given to the general public on such topics as the extension of the telegraph to Sebastopol, the consumption of smoke, the new metal aluminium, the action of water on lead, &c.

MR. ROEDUCK AT THE CUTLERS' FEAST.

annual festival took place at Sheffield on the 6th inst., and the Master Cutler was honoured with the presence of 220 On the health of the Members for Sheffield being drunk, Mr. Roeduck responded, and was greeted with long, enthusiastic, and lusty applause. The Hon. and Learned Gentleman said:—

"I find words to express the feelings of my heart on the present occasion. I have done me a kindness, I will not say an honour, because kindness is a word I have received in a way to show me you more than all I have done. And why do you so appreciate what I have done? I believe I have acted in your behalf so as to promote the welfare of the Cutlery. Looking at the heroic deeds—learning their more noble—stepped forward in your name to vindicate the happiness of this great body. I learnt that they were suffering—suffering in a way that was no call for—the inefficiency of those who governed in your Government of this country. In your name, then, I spoke in their behalf, and I found a response in the country. You backed all my efforts because the country so backed my efforts, those efforts were the heroic sufferings I have said; and have I not proved that the country suffers? (Yes.) Were those sufferings called for? I answer, 'No.' Whose fault was it? I answer again, partly the Government was on its trial. But what do you mean representative government only fails when constituencies are unfaithful? You steadily adhere to your duty, depend upon it that those who will do their duty too; and because you did vindicate to yourselves and duty of England, the Parliament of England during the last session by you. Now the Parliament during the last session understood that was peculiar. For the first time since the middle classes have been in the Government of this country, was the Parliament of England to conduct a war. To say that that Parliament conducted the war of this country demanded, would be, I say, to tell an untruth. I am in at that time as you did, fully made it apparent to that Parliament would not abide by such conduct long. It was this which aided and abetted the humble instrument of your will on the occasion. Now, gentlemen, if I am to be recompensed, but there are things which can be said even on festive occasions which it may well become you to hear and me to propound. Depend upon it that the Government of this country will not be well carried on till you, gentlemen, carry to that Government all the great qualities which have made you so successful. You have covered every sea with your vessels. You have gathered every country with your manufactures. You are gathering wealth and happiness for your people, and by that means maintaining the happiness of the Government of this country. Those rights have been conferred on you, and you have vindicated the right of governing this country in a way which has the legal power to do—till you take the Government from the hands of the people, and take it into your own hands—this country will not be well carried on. I have no doubt it will be said the language I hold is what in cant is called 'revolutionary.' But depend upon it that I am the best conservative of the country all the intelligence which distinguishes you in life. Take it to me more than that. Take it to it that virtue which ought to be in you. Let it be said we are corrupt. Let it be said we are untruckle. Let it be said we are enlightened people, governing ourselves. I have said, gentlemen, not simply to forward your private interests, but to forward the public welfare. I consider that to be my duty, and have to the best of my ability performed it. You have not hampered me by any demands. You have not hampered me by constantly pestering me either by advice or solicitation. You have said, 'We have chosen that man.' We have given him credit for his duty, and we will see if he can perform it." Looking at you in the same spirit as that in which you confided your trust in me, I have to the best of my ability done my duty by you. You have rewarded me by your confidence. This is the greatest reward you could give me and the only one I ask. Now, gentlemen, if on this occasion I take on myself to say that I am deeply indebted to the colleague you have sent me to Parliament. I have been greatly helped, as you all know. He has taken in hand the labour as your representative, and left me to do my duty in that position in which by circumstances I have been enabled to do it. To him I tender my best thanks. Your confidence due to him. On this occasion I shall best consult your interests and my own by saying, that I am obliged to you for the honour you have done me this evening." (Loud cheers.)

GENERAL BEATSON AND THE BASHI-BAZOUKS.

ANTECEDENTS OF THE BASHI-BAZOUKS. DURING the last year's operations on the Danube, the Bashi-Bazouks attached to Omar Pacha's army, on more than one occasion rendered such services as suggested both to ourselves and the French, that, if properly organised and officered, a force of them might be made in the highest degree useful in a campaign; and that with this view our Allies deputed General Yussuf, the raiser of the African Indigines, to reduce the human factor, which the Bashis then presented, into military order and efficiency. The French general undertook the task, spent a considerable amount of money, and failed. Great as had been his success with his compatriots of Algeria, he found the wild and incongruous hordes of Albania, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Kurdistan too intractable to be moulded into a harmonious and co-operative unity, and, after shooting some and flogging more, gave up the attempt to execute his commission. Notwithstanding this failure, however, the previous conviction as to the expediency of such a force to render most important aid to a regular army in the field, remained undiminished; and what the French abandoned as impracticable, our own Government resolved to try and accomplish. With a correcter judgment than is usually displayed in their choice of military commanders, they selected an officer whose antecedent services pointed him out as peculiarly suited to effect the object in view. Colonel Beatson—as he then was—had gained a high Indian reputation for being one of the best officers of irregular cavalry in the Company's army, and his deputation to the task which General Yussuf had been unable to accomplish, was viewed with very hopeful satisfaction by all who knew anything of the man and his materials. In the excitement of our early Crimean successes, however, and the blundering mismanagement of the new war department, he for a time received little attention and less aid from the authorities at the Horse Guards, and was left for two or three months without either money or officers to perform a creative labour which required plenty of both.

Worried as they were at all points for the fatal neglect and mismanagement of the war, the Government had little leisure to think of Bashi-Bazouks, and so General Beatson was left for a time to repeat his appeals for the needful "sinews" of men and cash in vain. Towards the end of January, however, he succeeded in procuring a first instalment of both, and at once commenced recruiting for his future corps. For this purpose officers were despatched to Salonica, Beyrout, Sinope and Varna; and from the two first and the last of these stations men and horses were speedily forthcoming. In a few weeks, more than one thousand of the four of which the force was to consist were enrolled, and ready for despatch to the gathering point of the corps. The difficulty of the recruiting officers lay, not in procuring candidates, but in selecting the best out of the many who offered themselves for service. Five piasres a day (about 10d.), with a plentiful ration of bread for themselves and of forage for their horses, were terms of irresistible attraction alike to Arnauts, Arabs, Kurds, and Bulgarians, and crowds of all four offered their services at the price.

SUCCESS OF GENERAL BEATSON'S EFFORTS.

In spite of all the difficulties which he had to contend against, from the neglect of our own War-office, and the apathy of the Ambassador, as well as the hardly negative opposition of the Porte, General Beatson succeeded in landing the first instalment of this force at the Dardanelles, the place of rendezvous fixed on for its drill and organisation. As speedily as could be obtained the necessary transport aid, others followed these first members of the corps, and up to August 6 considerably more than 2,000 had arrived, and been told off into regiments. Upwards of 1,000 more were then waiting for embarkation at the recruiting stations above mentioned, and probably before the end of August the whole required number would be under canvas on the Asiatic shore of the Hellespont. As a sort of "rider" to the original plan to these 4,000 cavalry, General Beatson proposes to add

four batteries of Horse Artillery, the officers and non-commissioned officers of which shall all be English, and the men selected from the Turkish *Redif* or Militia. Of the corps now collecting at the Dardanelles, the regimental officers will all be native, up to the rank of *limbashi* (about equivalent to our grade of captain), and to these a pay will be given which is likely to secure their fidelity and hearty co-operation in the object for which the force is being formed.

THE RECENT REVOLT—ITS HISTORY.

The whole of the disorders which have been so fancifully magnified had their origin in some personal disputes between a few of the native officers, about the middle of June. The hostile circle gradually widened, till, on the 25th of that month, it broke out into a pretty extensive fight, in which four men were killed and seven wounded. General Beatson summarily tried the principal offenders, and administered a severe stick-flogging to the most guilty—a proceeding which speedily re-established order and harmony throughout the camp. Ten days later, however, one of the chief actors in this first disturbance attempted violence to a woman of the town, and was for this new offence disarmed and sent to prison. On the following day, a large party of his company—he was a *colossi*, or second captain—rode down to head-quarters, and, forcing themselves into the commander's presence, demanded the liberation of their chief. To such attempted intimidation the general of course refused to yield; but whilst one-half of the armed deputation were parleying, the other were taking the law into their own hands, and setting the prisoner free. On gaining his liberty the latter proceeded likewise to the general's house, and insisted on receiving back his arms. To such a demand, backed by the menacing support of 140 armed savages, General Beatson was, after a while, compelled to yield; and on receiving back his pistols the *colossi* further bearded his chief by loading them in his presence. With only some three or four officers around him, the latter could only pocket the threatening insult. The party then withdrew, and, mounting their horses, galloped off in a body out of the town, and proceeded in the direction of the Road, some 15 or 20 miles distant from the Dardanelles. On their way they partially plundered a country-house belonging to Mr. Calvert, the consul, and committed other outrages in the villages along their route. To prevent a further spread of the revolt or any violence to the town, General Beatson at once applied to the military Pacha for a body of regular troops, and a couple of squadrons of Lancers and four field-pieces were forthwith sent over to the Dardanelles from the garrison of Kilitbohar, on the opposite shore of the Straits. Wishing to avoid bloodshed, the General declined to employ the guns, and preferred to make use of a body of volunteers from amongst his own men to bring the insurgents back. Accordingly, 300 Albanians and Arabs offered themselves on the afternoon of the second day for this service, but when the party was preparing to set out early next morning, it was found that of these nearly the half had returned to their tents, and declined action. The remainder, however, started on their mission, but found as they proceeded that the objects of their search had gone on towards Ivala, on the road to Smyrna. The pursuit was then abandoned, and the force sent on it remained in the villages, to protect the inhabitants from further mischief. Such, in a few words, was the withdrawal of some half-dozen score of brigands, which has been magnified into the "desertion of nearly three-fourths of the entire corps"—the mountain thus sinking into the molehill when seen through the spectacles of truth.

GORDON CUMMING, THE LION HUNTER.

MR. GORDON CUMMING, the subject of the accompanying portrait, is decidedly one of the celebrities of the age. The younger son of a Scotch baronet—Sir W. Gordon Cumming, of Altyre, in Moray,—he loved, as he says, in his youth, to plunder the eagles' nests on the treacherous cliffs of Scotland, and his military service in India, with his adventurous exploits on the Carpathian mountains, fanned into a flame the burning embers of his cherished desire to become a lion slayer in the pathless deserts of Africa. Many remember his interesting and successful exhibition in London in 1851. With a museum combining all the attractions of that famous collection, he has now added to his new exhibition, lately opened at 232, Piccadilly, Haymarket, an evening lecture, which he delivers in person, upon his exploits, illustrating them by a series of dioramic views of the most striking incidents in his hunting career.

In this lecture, the lion-hunter relates his adventures in a straightforward, manly tone, and holds up the tail of his hundred and fourth elephant, or points out the skin of his forty-sixth lion, in a manner at once modest and unassuming, as if lions and elephants were the every-day game of our turnip-fields and preserves. But his tone deepens and his whole expression alters when he relates some desperate deed, some brilliant chase, or some terrible peril, through which his own indomitable pluck alone carried him safely. At such times the nature of the lion-hunter breaks through the thin crust of the white tie and tail-coat—he longs for kill and rifle, an open plain, good horse and dogs, and the "noble beast" striding broadside past.

Mr. Gordon Cumming shows by a series of beautifully painted dioramic views, executed by Messrs. Haighe, Harrison, Weir, Leach, and Phillips, how he starts with his niggers from Cape Town, passes through the thorn clumps—intricate contortions of fish-hooks and knife-blades—how he comes upon the stampede of prairie game, how he rides down the beautiful oryx over the burning desert, and how his eyes brightened when, after many days' journeying, he beheld the welcome waters of the great Orange River. The stream is crossed, and Mr. Cumming is at home with the leopard, and the wild dogs, and the lioness, and the man-eating lions; and he tells his audience that the best way to preserve lion's teeth is to cover them with the antelope's grease, and answers the query of a female inquirer after knowledge by stating that it was his custom to grease the lion's teeth after, and not before they were killed. Lions and such small game are then left for the more colossal game of the continent, and the audience are taken to those remote regions where the silence is broken by the tramp of the herd of elephants on the marshy pools frequented by the unwieldy hippopotamus. In this portion of the lecture we hear of the terrific charge of the wounded elephant; we see the natives "polishing off" the dead beast, literally "digging into his ribs," and the feast of elephant's hide is wound up by a waltz with a hippopotamus and a long pull and a strong pull at the extremity of a huge rock snake. About and around the lecturer are arranged skulls and tails of animals, to each of which some history attaches; there is the skin of the lion that had mangled the hunter's favourite horse, a skin of a lioness which was one of six that the hunter bagged in one night, the skull of the lion that killed the head wagoner of the hunting party, the skin of the lion that carried off one of the servants of the company, the wagon that brought home the spoils, the pot that stewed the elephant soup, or grilled the cutlets of the rhinoceros.

SAINT MONDAY, OR THE PEOPLE'S HOLIDAY.

NO II.—A "PIC-NIC" AT HAMPTON COURT.

WHEN our honest, merry, and wise painter Hogarth had received in the City "ten guineas for a plate," he would take his sword out of his trunk, buckle it on, and rattle it among the bloods at the coffeehouses like a gentleman. But when there were no ten guineas to be had, and when, perchance, there were not ten shillings in the house to purchase a plate to work upon withal, then Hogarth wisely remained at home, allowed his sword to slumber peacefully in its double scabbard, and smoked his pipe, or plied his pencil till more prosperous times should come.

Saint Monday seems to be of about the same turn of mind as—goodness forgive us, we were very nearly calling him Saint—Hogarth. As long as the sun shines, and there are birds on the boughs, and gold on the wheat, and flowers on the banks, this merry saint—this out-door clerk of the weather—lies on his back on the turf, rambles by the brook watching the lazy cattle take their footbaths, watches the aerial flight of the sky-lark as long as he can do it without winking, and chases the butterfly, or, in default of one, a bluebottle, through the green lanes. But autumn comes, and the russet brown leaves, as they are swept eddying away, seem to whisper that there is a sterner, colder gust coming—winter: then Saint Monday, like a sensible saint, forsakes the fields and lanes, the brooks and streamlets. His vans are drawn into remote coachhouses for the win-

ter; there are no more "waygooses," "commemorations," or "feasts" of the "Ancient Order of Adam's Ale Drinkers." Instead of these open-air merry makings, he provides for his faithful votaries in-door pastimes—"hops," suppers, harmonic meetings, and benefits at transportive theatres—entertainments where the curtains can be drawn snugly close, the warm bright gas lighted, and the air rarefied by the fumes of bird's-eye tobacco, and the steam of something "hot, strong, and sweet."

But we have not yet quite made an end of fine weather or pleasuring for the year '55, we hope. Though the finger of October is warningly pointed at us, like the dexter digit of a mother at a naughty child, this year shall show us a few more fine Saint Mondays. Lo! here is one at least—the genial sun of the "eighth mo," as the Society of Friends call September, is shining upon a pic-nic party at Hampton Court.

That faithful van—Sprouts's particular—has brought down all the friends, male, female, and neuter (to adopt the theory of the accomplished M. Fourier, who will not accord a gender at all to children under ten), from whom we parted in our last number but one. You are not to suppose, however, although a fortnight has elapsed between their first and second appearance, that they have been all this time occupied in getting from Mr. Sprouts's green-grocery establishment—say in John Street, Tottenham Court Road, to the exterior of the "Cardinal Wolsey" hostelry at Hampton Court, where they are now in the full glory and enjoyment of an open-air pic-nic. No; the journey was accomplished in something very reasonably approximating to the usual time; the driver was civil; the horses alert; the company pleasant; and there were no particular mishaps to speak of. There was one gentleman, indeed, of a somewhat misanthropic and saturnine temperament, who had apparently forgotten to shave on that or the immediately preceding mornings; who had also omitted (through the pressure of some weighty pre-occupation, doubtless) to take off his working apron, and had rolled it up under his waistcoat like a preternaturally elongated sausage, and who, having drunk too much strong liquid out of what was seemingly a blacking-bottle at an early stage of the proceedings, became, before the van reached Mortlake, alternately miserable and malevolent, at one stage demanding with great asperity why he "hever was born," and at another offering to fight the company all round for a pot. There was likewise the invariable querulous old lady, without whom no public vehicle is complete, who complained periodically of her "blessed bones," and once or twice expressed her decided opinion that the horses were running away with the van. These, with the usual number of disturbances with fractious children, who were only subdued by stern threats of a "black man," supposed to reside in a blind alley in Bethnal Green, and of being "served out" (supposed to imply unlimited domestic castigation) when they "got home;" and finally, one or two trifling "shinties" between Mr. Sandersoft Simms and a tall young man with a fluffy white hat, a very clean all-round collar, and a very dirty shirt—a young man, in short, of distinguished manners but dissipated mien, which "shinties" arose from a disputed right of way round Miss Polly Crumplehorn's waist, were the only events that in any way contributed to mar the harmony of the ride down. We can't reckon as mishaps the complaints about the dust, about beer being spilt over book-muslin dresses, about corns being trod upon, about being "scrouged," or about the man who was to sing a comic song that evening, and interrupted sentimental conversations by practising verses ending with "doodle dum, doodle dee" at unseemly times, or the other individual—the seafaring man with the mahogany countenance and the bushy whiskers—who not only persisted in smoking (there was no harm in that, the Crumplehorns agreed in saying), but smoked tobacco stronger, fiercer, coarser, and more fiery than ever tobacco was known to be, and set one-half of the inhabitants of the van sneezing and the other half coughing.

But our St. Mondayites have put up cheerfully with these unimportant annoyances, these buzzing flies on the nose of enjoyment, have made up their minds to take everything for the best, and have in due time arrived at Hampton Court. Reader, do you know Hampton Court? Of course you do. Who knows not and loves not that charming half aristocratic, half military, wholly rural little village—its palace, gardens, and delicious river scenery? We will not insult Hampton Court by likening it to Versailles, St. Cloud, the Trianons, St. Germain, or any of the palatial suburban residences of Imperial France. It has no *Grandes Eaux*, no *Cour de Marbre*, no Orangery (though Queen Mary's Grapery is "some punkins" as the Yankees say)—it has no avenues of gods and goddesses under *palietos* or *bodices*, no Opera house, no Hall of Mirror, no *Galerie des Batailles*. There is no bigwiggy about Hampton Court at all; and though a contemporary of the *Grand Monarque* once dwelt there, he had neither red-heels, a mighty perriwig, a harem of Vallieres, Montespan, and Maintenons, nor an *Ét de bas* full of courtiers, but was a sober, sententious, somewhat "slow" Sovereign, addicted to Haarlem tulips and red-brick architecture,—William the Dutchman. Yet Hampton Court is a place of infinite loveliness and cheerful memories. The shining, winding river, the picturesque bridge, the palace with its curious mixture of architectural styles—Wren's Corinthian capitals and friezes elbowing Wolsey's gothic, and the red-bricks of William and Anne predominating over all; the noble gardens; the tennis-court; the spruce cavalry officers lounging up and down, make up a picture we delight to gaze and dwell upon.

We need scarcely expatiate upon the hundred and one other *agréments* that Hampton Court possesses—the maze, the glorious collection of pictures, the deathless cartoons of Raffaele; and to turn to humbler, but not less agreeable features, the famous good dinners at the "Joy," the "Mitre," the "King's Arms," and the "Cardinal Wolsey." The glories of all these have been sung by abler bards than ourselves; besides, the followers of Saint Monday seldom trouble themselves about aristocratic and expensive luxuries; they know the "Joy" by name, but would as soon dream of entering its precincts, or those of the "Mitre," and ordering dinner, as of claiming acquaintance with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or opening a correspondence with the great Cham of Tartary.

Let us suppose the Crumplehorn family to have wandered through the seemingly interminable galleries of the palace, stared at the pictures, criticised King Charles's Beauties, marvelled at the tapestry in Cardinal Wolsey's hall, and favourably criticised the rich display of yellow worsted embroidery upon the uniforms of the Hessian soldiers on duty; lost and found one another again in the maze; strolled into Bushy Park, watched the deer scampering by; and peered into that peculiarly seedy fountain, which is always out of order, and always being repaired, and within whose depths gold and silver fish are traditionally supposed to dwell, though none of either species have ever been seen within the recollection of that municipal Methuselah, the oldest inhabitant. But sight-seeing, even at Hampton Court, becomes wearisome at last; and our excursionists are also reminded by that very uncompromising mentor, the stomach, that the dinner-hour is approaching. So Raffaele and Holbein, Lely's beauties and Vandyke's armor-bearers, Wolsey's stained glass and tapestry, Queen Mary's grapes, and Queen Anne's state bed are all, bid adieu to, and an adjournment of our excursionist party is moved, *nem. con.*, to some convenient plot of grass, where the provisions that have been reposing in the van while the sight-seeing took place, are produced, and young and old apply themselves with tremendous gusto and vigour to an *ad fresco* repast.

Bless us, what a hubbub! the clatter of knives, forks, spoons, and plates, the tinkling of that dreary old portable cabinet piano, played, or ground rather, by the Italian boy, who imitates on a small scale the achievements of Mr. Anderson, director of her Majesty's private band, by performing "a selection of popular airs" while the company is at dinner; the sound of happy voices, of ringing laughter, of crowing babies; the deep bass prophecies of gipsy fortune-tellers; the loud calls on "Jack" for that stunning song about the "flag that bears a well-known name"; and the earnest appeals to "Loo" to come and sit by the side of "Tom."

They eat and drink their fill merrily, not forgetting the van-horses, who in remote out-houses are pleasurably occupied with their nose-bags. By and by, they will be put to again, and the van in the coolness and somnolence of dusk will return to London. It will re-enter the metropolis amidst the smoke of many pipes, the chirchuses of many comic songs. Let us hope that the journey homewards will have been made in harmony and comfort, that no gentleman will have taken more beer than was exactly good for him, that no lady will have any cause to complain of want of attention on the part of her cavalier, and that all, yea down to the babe at the breast, will have heartily enjoyed their Saint Monday.



DASHI BAZOUK — (FROM A SKETCH BY VALERIO)



GORDON CUMMING, THE LION-HUNTER.



SAINT MONDAY, OR THE PEOPLE'S HOLIDAY.—No. 2.—A PICNIC AT HAMPTON COURT.



THE INTERIOR OF MRS. SEACOAL'S CRIMEAN HOTEL.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTCH.)

ALEXIS THE GREAT AND MRS. SEACOAL'S HOTEL.

Our Artist writes:—I send a sketch of a scene in Mrs. Seacoal's Hotel. This Mrs. S. is popular amongst officers who have been to India, where she first made her fame; now she has come out to try and please them here, and has numbers of visitors who know her well, and recommend her,

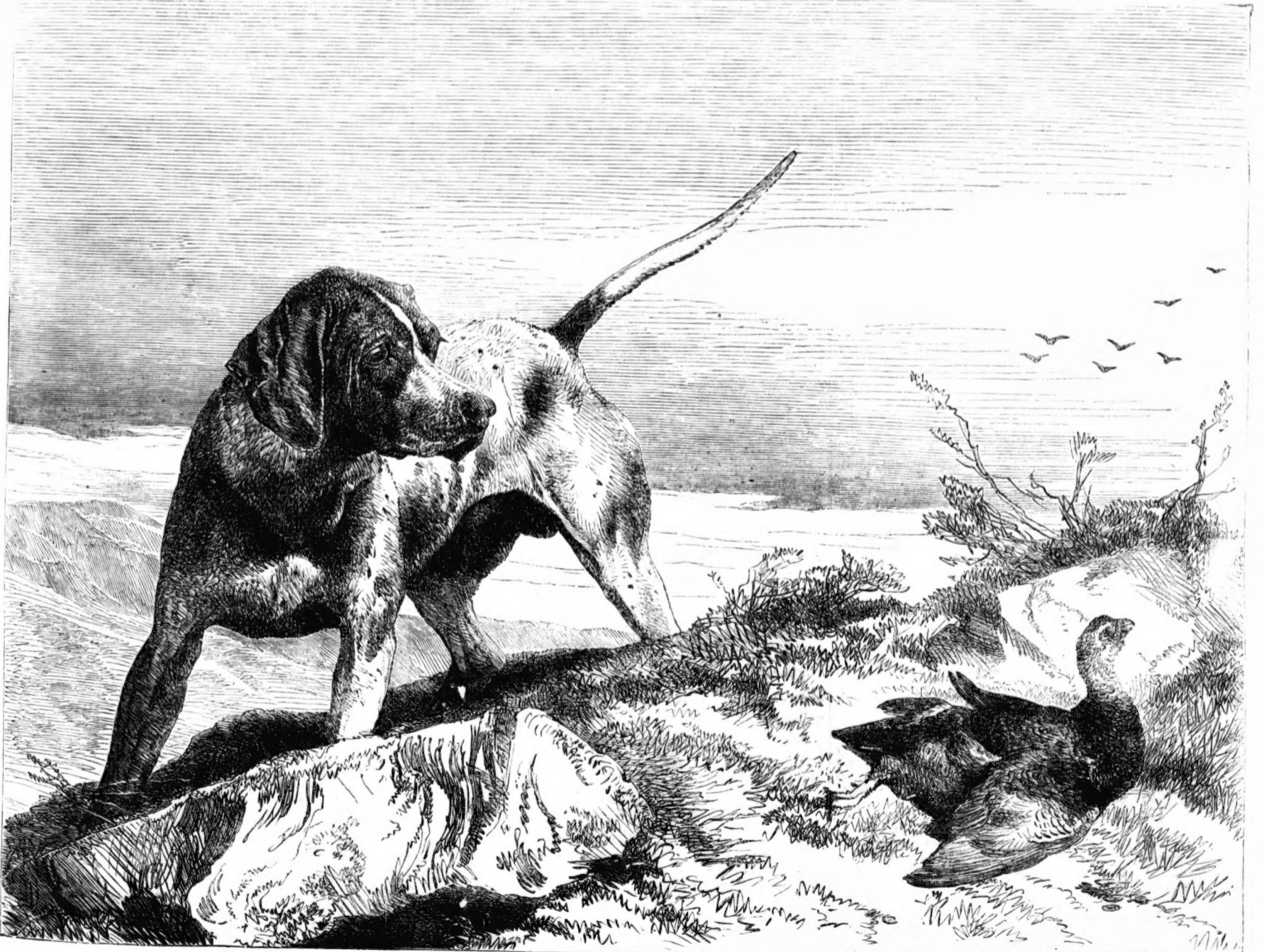
so that I think she will succeed. Well, the other day I met M. Alexis Soyer, the grand chef, at Balaklava. We were both going up to the front, so rode together, and I can assure you Soyer's rig was something original. His hat had a crimson scarf wrapped round it, and he wore a white cap thin covered with white cording, military trousers, &c. He had

two servants with him—one a black gentleman, Mr. Taylor, and the other a Crimean addition, a Zouave he has got hold of somehow, dressed out in the peculiar costume. They were all mounted on white horses, decorated with crimson Arab trappings. On arriving here, we alighted to obtain some refreshments, and M. Soyer, who is a great friend of Mrs. S., began joking with that lady. There were several officers present, whom M. Soyer knew, so that altogether it was quite a scene."

M. Soyer is still carrying out with great enthusiasm his valuable culinary reforms in the Crimea. He gave on the evening of the 27th ult., an entertainment, at the camp of the First Division, to illustrate practically the result of his improvements in camp cookery. Six patent cooking stoves, in which every particle of fuel is economically expended upon heating the contents of the cauldron above, were placed in the open air, and in each the process of cooking some especial product from the commissariat rations was illustrated. The visitors could hardly credit that salt pork and tough beef, with a few simple and ordinary adjuncts, could be converted into such savoury and palatable messes as M. Soyer placed before them. There were also provided various articles of simple diet, admirably flavoured, and even some delicacies, formed of the most ordinary materials, and fitted for the use of the sick. Rice water, lemonade made from lime juice but flavoured by a little oil of lemon, rice puddings made without eggs or milk, firm and delicious jelly made from the feet usually thrown away or buried in the slaughter-yards, toast and water, &c., were among these articles. M. Soyer did not, however, confine his entertainment to the ordinary camp beverages or camp diet, but various kinds of wines, from iced champagne downwards, and other sorts of fare, were not wanting for those who chose to test the merits of the different dietaries by contrast. General Simpson, and General Pelissier, and many other distinguished guests were present, and seemed to take great interest in the camp provisions and the mode of their preparation adopted by the generalissimo of cookery.

WOUNDED GROUSE.

THE sportsman, were he contemplating a picture of game actually dead, would probably call to mind a term he has frequently made use of, and in suppressed voice be apt to utter the warning, "dead, dead!" not that it is exactly pleasing to his ear; on the contrary, it rather falls on that ear with certain unpleasant associations, as does "ware hare," "ware haunch," or "have a care, Bluster," from the "whip" to the foxhound; each warning boding want of steadiness in the young dog, or proneness to bad, or vicious habits. In the older one, how different are the feeling and enthusiasm created by the huntsman's cheer, "That's it, Trueboy, old man," followed by the observation, "Good for a thousand." *Mais revenons à nos (not moutons but) dogs and grouse.* We do not contemplate entering upon a natural history dissertation, but to make such remarks in a general way as may be interesting to the totally uninitiated in venatic pursuits. To revert, then, to the warning, "dead, dead." Some sportsmen train their dogs to fetch their game when killed or wounded, others prefer having a retriever in reserve for this special purpose. It is not our province to enter into the *pro* or *con* as regards either practice. Now, some dogs, whether they have fetched the game or the gunner has done so, have, as it would seem, a resistless desire to "mouth" it. Supposing the dog has fetched his bird, and laid it at his master's feet, his duty as regards this bird is done, he has no business to touch it again; should he attempt to do so, "dead, dead," he has learned from habit is tantamount to "leave it alone." Again, some dogs are so eager, and moreover so "hard in the mouth,"—that is, hard bitten—(biting would perhaps be a more proper, though not so technical, a word), that on reaching a shot bird, they all but crush it in their jaws. To such a dog, "dead, dead," as he comes up to the killed bird, checks his impetuosity. We have seen dogs most unmercifully flogged for thus mutilating dead, or wounded game, and we do not hesitate in saying: such severe floggings are unjustifiable in all, and useless in most, cases!



WOUNDED GROUSE.—(DRAWN BY E. ANSELL.)

They are unjustifiable, because the habit does not arise from vice, but over excitement in the dog; and they are mostly useless, because—in spite of what keepers may say to the contrary—it is next to impossible to make the dog understand, in such a case, what he is bent for. Showing him the crushed bird and flogging him, tells him nothing; he may quite as readily suppose he is flogged for fetching it, as for crushing it. How is he to distinguish for which he is flogged? We will here venture a hint, by supposing a case. A dog voraciously snatches at anything of food offered in the hand. Do not beat him; that would only deter him from taking it at all. But give him from the hand something so hot that it scalds his mouth, or smear it well over with very strong mustard. After he has been thus served two or three times, he will take the morsel leisurely and carefully. By a nearly similar process—too long to mention here—we cured a pointer of crushing his game.

As regards the general appearance of the grouse, compared with that of the partridge, opinions differ. The grouse usually attracts the most attention, not we conceive from generally admitted superiority of shape or plumage, but from being a bird less generally seen than the other. Quite willing to have our taste criticised or censured, we admit we hold the partridge the prettier bird. There is a neatness, and, to coin a word for the nonce, a "gamecockiness," in the shape of the partridge, the other does not exhibit. As regards gastronomic precedence, the grouse has in most persons' opinion the preference; he is held to be the highest flavoured bird. Now, the pre-eminence of flavour in anything is quite a matter of taste. We consider there is a great mistake made by many persons as regards the flavour of game. Many consider it is greatly improved by long keeping. We do not quite admit this; nay (but we say it with deference), we deny that it is so. The real fact is, that when game is very long kept, the flavour is not improved, but altered. We cause by long keeping the natural flavour of game to change to that of game flesh in a state of commencing decomposition. We have tasted game kept till it had become all but bitter, to get the true and genuine game flavour. Knock down a brace of partridges at two o'clock, send them home, let the cook be told to pluck them and put them on the spit while yet warm. Let them be well basted while roasting; let the gravy for them be uncontaminated by sauces, and let strict attention be paid to the bread sauce; then we shall find out the true flavour of game, and that a partridge so cooked and timed, is a "morsel fit for a monarch." Now the grouse has a peculiarity about it for which we do not attempt to account. During the same period that the pheasant or partridge would remain perfectly sweet and good in the larder, the grouse would become absolutely unfit for food. *Quære:* May not this have something to do with that peculiar flavour so lauded by its admirers?

There is one peculiarity in the grouse that very strongly recommends its pursuit to many inclined to bodily indulgence, namely, that eleven or twelve o'clock is quite time enough to commence shooting, if a man be contented with a fair day's sport; in fact, unless it be extremely hot weather, he will in each hour kill twice the number of birds after eleven that he would kill before that time: for this reason—grouse will lie quite close when basking in the sun, whereas in the cooler hours they run.

The grouse exhibits one very peculiar proceeding in its habits that we have never remarked in other birds. The cock will, on the approach of danger, often single himself out, and run ahead of the concealed pack, as if offering himself a sacrifice in drawing attention from his mate and progeny. Dogs much accustomed to finding grouse get so cunning, that they seem quite aware of this dodge; so they often pay no attention to this single bird, though they may actually see him, but hunt with increased caution, instinct (or more probably experience) teaching them the pack is somewhere close at hand.

We must endeavour to account for the immense number of grouse annually found on the moors, for we are not aware that it is more prolific than many other birds. We infer, that from the locality it inhabits, the arts of the poacher avail him little. The shepherds do, we are aware, get hold of a few when the snow is on the ground; but their doings in this way are a grain of sand on the seashore in comparison with the wholesale havoc of the poacher in enclosed situations, to which we beg to add (*softly*), in some instances the very pretty little gatherings of some trusty (God save the mark!) keepers.

Our limited space warns us to conclude, congratulating the grouse shooter on the goodness of the present season, and hoping each succeeding one may afford him even increased gratification.

THE COMPOSITORS' LIBRARY.

THIS library, the formation of which we announced in a previous number, has, we are happy to state, already secured the patronage and support which the objects contemplated by the Compositors of London amply deserve. The institution was opened on Monday last at No. 3, Raquet Court, Fleet Street, where there now is a library consisting of nearly two thousand volumes.

One very gratifying feature connected with the library is the promptitude and liberality with which men of letters and publishers have come forward to aid in the progress of this good work. Amongst the donors to the institution are the names of the Earl of Harrowby, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone, Major-General T. Perronet Thompson, Messrs. Chambers, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and a number of gentlemen whose names and influence are never wanting in the cause of educational progress.

After the publication of the catalogue on Monday last, a donation of 165 volumes, handsomely bound, was received from his Royal Highness Prince Albert, affording an evidence of the interest which the Prince takes in this movement.

FUNERAL OF FEARGUS O'CONNOR.

ON Monday afternoon, the remains of the late Chartist senator were interred in Kensal Green Cemetery, in presence of a vast assemblage of the working classes, who were specially invited to accompany the funeral procession. At eleven o'clock, the members of several Chartist associations and trade societies, principally from the East end of London, assembled in Russell Square, from which point it had been arranged they should walk with banners and bands of music. By half-past eleven, there were about 8,000 persons in the square, but a large number of these were attracted to the spot by mere curiosity, and did not accompany the procession, and at twelve, 5,000 men fell into line, and marched to Notting Hill. They were preceded by a large black flag, on which were inscribed the words, "He lived and died for us;" and also by several red flags, symbolical of the Republican principles which the deceased advocated.

When the body was brought out from Miss O'Connor's residence, a loud cheer broke from the multitude. At ten minutes past four o'clock the cortege reached the cemetery, and the hearse, with the carriages which followed it, were admitted. The gates were then closed against the vast mass of persons who sought admission, but the crowd, who were greatly irritated, unceremoniously broke them open, and the result was, that a scene was enacted very unbecomingly to a solemn ceremony. The body was conveyed to the chapel, where service was performed according to the rites of the Church of England, and it was then taken to the grave, around which many thousand people had assembled. It was a plain, unbricked grave, in one of the obscurest corners of the cemetery. When the clergyman had finished that portion of the service which is usually gone through at the grave, the Secretary to the Chartist Association took his stand on a slight elevation by the right of the grave, and proceeded to address the vast assemblage amidst profound silence. Adverting to the land schemes of the deceased, the chartist orator said, "that their failure was attributable not so much to him as to the circumstances of the times in which he lived, and to the desertion from his side of many of those in whom he placed confidence. In these, as well as in some other things he had failed; but it could not, in consequence of these failures, be said that his life had been passed in vain, for although the principles he endeavoured to establish were now languishing, they would ere long receive an impulse which would secure to them a lasting victory."

Several other addresses were delivered; a collection was made to defray the expenses of the funeral, and the vast assemblage then quietly separated.

The Sphinx.

CHARADE.

A LEGEND OF ALDERSHOTT.

I.

"Tis a recruiting officer,
And he stoppeth one T. C.
"By thy streamers long, and thy square-cut coat,
Now, wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The moon is up—the evening breeze—"
"The evening breeze be blow'd!"
"The same to you—here! let me go!
I want to write an ode."

He pokes him with his penny cane,
"Wilt serve the Queen?" quoth he.
"Hands off! nor tempt me, whiskered loon—"
He showed him shillings three.

The poet gaz'd with glist'ning eye,
Through dreams of solid cheer,
While thus spoke on that ancient bird,
This wily officer.

"The Essex Rifles wants young men;
It is a famous corps,
The duties are as feathers light,
And as for rations—Lor!"

"The uniform, you see, is neat
And not to stoop to fibs,
For breaking 'ousemaids' hearts—you dog!"
(He poked him in the ribs).

The poet heard his shillings chink,
He marked his visage sleek;
He said, "Here is a man who dines
Full seven days a week!"

"He wears a coat without a hole,
Perchance, a shirt as well!
While I (how wondrous is the soul!)
Sergeant, the bounty?—tell!"

He told him what the bounty was,
Likewise, the wage per day;
(Eightpence, I think, and find yourself,
But won't for certain say).

The poet mused, "For such a sum,
What years I'd have to write,
And 'tis but a militia corps,
One won't be asked to fight."

A shilling from the sergeant's hand
He took (and also kept);
And a militiaman that night,
Within my first, he slept.

II.

Scene—The Camp at Aldersholt.

(A party of recruits are going through their exercise under the inspection of the Adjutant.)

Adjutant. R-rupp! Wough! Err! Br! Gurra-horoo! Shurr!
Whurr!

(The recruits do so to the best of their ability.)

Adjutant. 'Tis well—exceeding well. But what the deuce!—

Here, there's a fellow walking out of step—

Out of—by Jove! he's walking from the ranks.

Here! you sir—are you mad?

The Recruit addressed. Your pardon, I

Was somewhat absent—

Adjutant. You'll be somewhat more so,

When you've been kept snug a month or so

In close confinement—What's your name?

The Recruit. My name

Is Norval—pardon me, my name is Col—

I mean John Tomkins (they shall never know

The mighty spirit they have fettered here).

Adjutant. Indeed—then, Tomkins, how is it you halt

Has not to-day been pipe-clay'd, though your boots,

As from their colour seems, have had that honour.

Recruit. Nay, I know not—is't customary here

To blacken one thing, and to whiten 't other?

Adjutant. 'Tis customary not to blacken only,

But to turn blue as well, rebellious skins—

But thou art young—and I this once forgive thee.

Tomkins. 'Tis nobly said—the quality of mercy

Is never sifted—as in happier days

I wrote: would'st have the passage?

Adjutant. Eyes right!

Pshaw! he's mad!

(TOMKINS looks to the left.)

Tomkins. How beautiful gleam the Farnham Hills!

Adjutant. Dear! dear! no matter!

Ho! there, stand at ease.

(TOMKINS dances.)

What do you mean, Sir?

Tomkins. 'Tis the morning sun

That lights up nature's ball-room in the plain;

The lark musicians pipe their overtures.

See the white roads, where Nature, careful hostess!

Goes on her knees to chalk the floor herself—

See when the guests from town, and from all parts,

Crowd thickly (all with white or yellow kids

And most with hats that we may well call "crush,")

To a tremendous gathering of hops.

I cannot choose but dance.

Adjutant. Here, I say, Sergeant,

John Tomkins is extremely drunk—remove him.

(The scene changes to the black-hole. The soi-disant TOMKINS solus, and likely to remain so.)

Tomkins. Cag'd, cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, (but I have used

The words before!) a poor militia man—

Well, what of that? Tyrtæus was a soldier—

And Lever, too; and so was Mister Jonson,

(Which it is Ben, not Doctor,) by the way.

Those parties wrote about their camp experience

Why should not I? I ask it—echo answers,

"I really do not see the least objection."

Tremble, stern Adjutant, and Sergeant vile!

A poet shall arise within your camp,

Who from all military bards—(from him

Who wrote the "Iliad" and the "Æneid,"

And warbled out the gentle "Art of Love,"

Down to the modern Tennysonian swan,

Who has o'er-gilt this locomotive age

With rainbow tints of the Red, White, and Blue.

Shall bear away the—What is it?

(Answer in parenthesis by the Editor). MY SECOND.

III.

THE MILITIA MAN'S DREAM.

A Poem expected to appear in the "United Service Magazine." (At least, it has been sent there some time.)

Our bugles sang rest, which they sang out of tune,
But we had to turn in, and obey all the same.
As I lay on my bed, by the light of the moon,
Through an opening blown in the roof-boards it came.

I dreamt—let me see—Oh! I dreamt that the camp,
In a valley was placed, where the breezes were sweet.
By the side of a lake;—it was possibly damp,
But one wasn't at all events, blown off one's feet.

And I dreamt we had something to eat, we could see
Without digging it out from the dust where it lay.
And we had no more chalk in our coffee or tea,
Than the milkman supplies in the regular way.

And I dreamt—which was better than all—that my coat
Was an inch or two longer and not so absurd;
And I felt, when its skirts in the breezes would float,
Somewhat more like a man—somewhat less like a bird.

And I dreamt that my pantaloons reach'd to my feet,
And to fit at the knees didn't wholly refuse.
And to make the unmatchable blessing complete,
We were furnish'd with boots in the place of canoees.

But the morning call roused me—with horrible notes—
(For our bugler has not the least notion of tunes.)
To the horrors of dust, of East winds, of short coats,
And of trousers cut out on the plan of balloons.

(NOTE TO THE EDITOR ACCOMPANYING THE ABOVE.)

If the enclosed should suit your most esteem'd

And widely circulating pages, Sir,

By its insertion you will much oblige

One who aspires to be the soldier's bard—

In fact, this warlike generation's—

(The concluding word for the present is between the Editor and ourselves.)



REBUS.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN LAST NUMBER.

Don-key.

ANSWER TO REBUS IN LAST NUMBER.

He who defends his own action, has a fool for his client.

(He; wh; O deaf, ends his own act; ion; H, as a fool; F-O-R, his client.)

MR. CARLYLE'S TESTIMONY TO MR. DUFFY.

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, it would appear, has been pressed to take the chair at a farewell dinner to be given in London to Mr. Gavan Duffy, previous to that gentleman's departure for Australia. The following letter, addressed to Mr. James Hannay, the author of "Eustace Conyers," etc., has been elicited from Mr. Carlyle:—

September 5, 1855.

DEAR HANNAY.—Some time ago, I received a circular, with Mr. Whitty's signature, on the same subject as your note, and was well pleased to learn that such a project was in agitation on behalf of Duffy, to which I wished all success very sincerely, though myself unable to take part in it. I have a real regard, and even affection, for Duffy, whose fine, truthful intellect, and ardent, humane character, were always recognisable to me in the worst tumult of Irish confusions. His course, then, which I never could applaud for wisdom, nor rebuke without pity and respect, has all along seemed to me one of the most tragical; and surely it has been troublesome enough, tumbling in the wake of that monster of blarney, Big O, and his "justice for Ireland" (the ugliest impostor generated in my time); and, alas, it ends in a sufficiently mournful manner, though in a painful and pathetic one on my poor friend Duffy's part! I would gladly go and testify these feelings on his behalf whenever it might be useful or suitable; but, on the other hand, I can perceive that this dinner will not be the place for me to do it, but for others differently related to it than I, and who, probably, have somewhat other feelings to express. In short, there are multirarious reasons admonishing absence on my part,—two reasons were there no other: Permanent wish to steer clear to windward of O'Connellism, and of Anti-Ditto in all their branches; and secondly, the horror and misery I undergo in all "public dinners" whatsoever! I pray you, therefore, let me be excused, and be believed, at the same time, to wish the enterprise heartily well, as I do.—Yours, ever truly,
T. CARLYLE.

THE ROAD THROUGH ST. JAMES'S PARK.—The posts marking the line for the future road through St. James's Park are already fixed. It has taken upwards of 200 years to form the picturesque whole which this Park presents, so that it is with regret we hear of what is now being done. Many fine trees are, in consequence, doomed to destruction.

SUICIDE IN A RAILWAY TRAIN.—One morning last week a young gentleman named Payne, son of Dr. Payne of Nottingham, committed suicide in a railway carriage while the train proceeded from the great Junction to Borrowack, on its way from Nottingham to Derby. It appeared that the deceased had taken a black silk neckerchief from his neck, and had suspended himself from the ventilator at the top of the carriage door. He had also taken off his shoes, and turned his trousers up to the knees. On the train arriving at Derby, the unfortunate gentleman was declared to be dead. At the inquest held upon the body, an opinion was expressed that Mr. Payne had taken away his life whilst suffering from an attack of inflammation of the bowels, to which, it appeared, he was very subject, occasionally to such an extent as to deprive him for a time of his senses.

A LOCOMOTIVE IN THE FAR NORTH.—Last week, the first engine of those destined to ply on the line between Nairn and Inverness, was safely landed at its destination at the latter place. It was brought from Leith by a sailing vessel, and was unshipped at the canal. Its progress thence was a matter of eager interest. At the new bridge a vast crowd collected to witness the crossing. After some delay, the turn being rather sharp, and the roadway somewhat soft, this was accomplished, to the vast delight of all the spectators.

A FEMALE PEDESTRIAN.—Miss Isabella Melrose performed last week at Neath the astonishing feat of walking 500 half miles in 500 half hours, and 500 quarter miles in 500 quarter hours.

CHARGE OF PARRICIDE AT BATH.—On Saturday morning last a young man, Thomas Tutton, who is suspected of having administered repeated doses of arsenic to his father, Mr. Charles Tutton, an auctioneer, and a member of the Bath Town Council, was brought up for his first examination upon the charge of attempted murder. The prisoner, who is about 21 years of age, is well known in Bath for his very "fast" habits, and on being placed at the bar he manifested no concern for his position; but appeared to treat the proceedings with the greatest coolness. He took copious notes of the evidence. A solicitor, Mr. Wilson, had been retained by the prisoner's friends, but he declined his services, and proceeded to cross-examine the witness at great length. A detective officer of the Dublin police stated the circumstances connected with the apprehension of the prisoner, when Mr. Hughes applied for a remand till this day (Saturday), which, after a short consultation, was agreed to.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

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